No. 208 (New Series). Vol. 4. March 14. 1936

TWOPENCE

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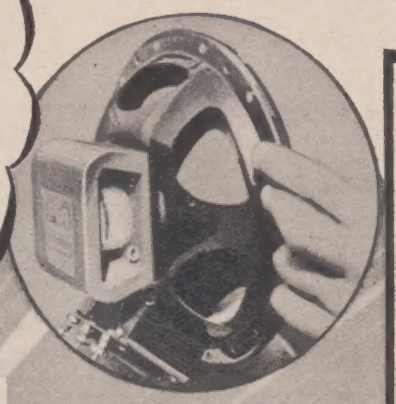
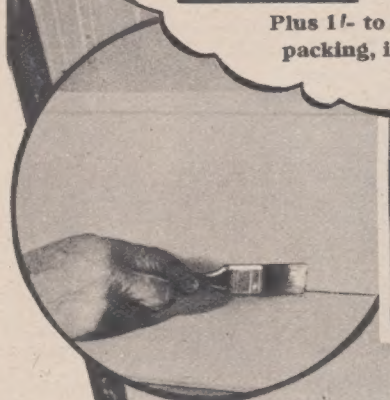
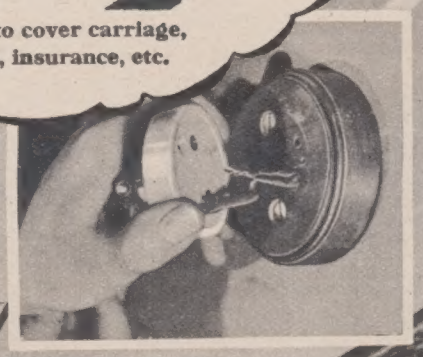


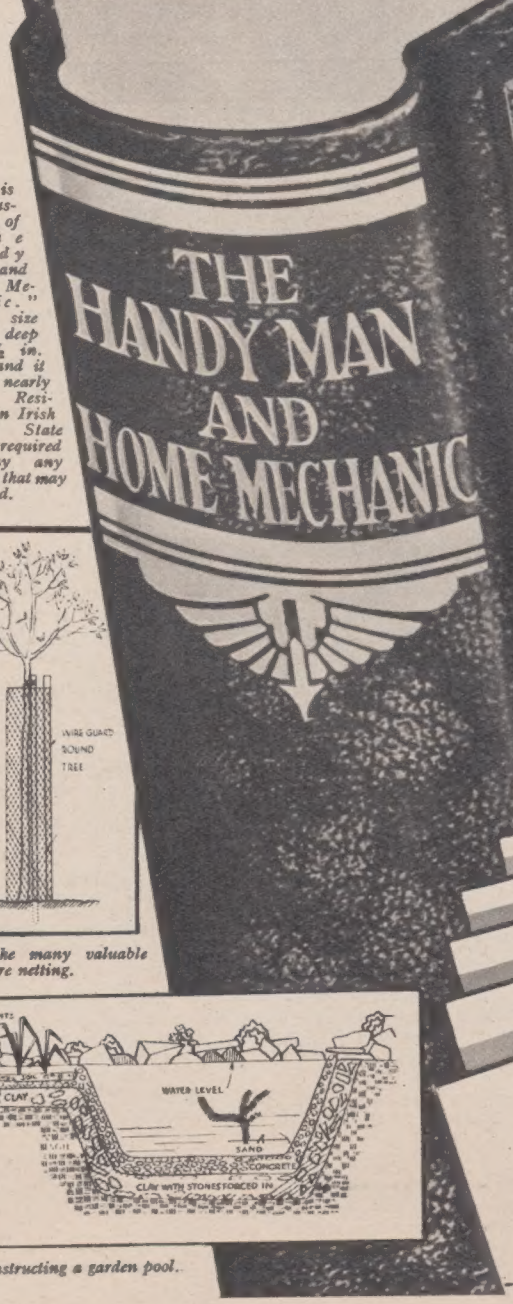
Fitting a moving-coil speaker.



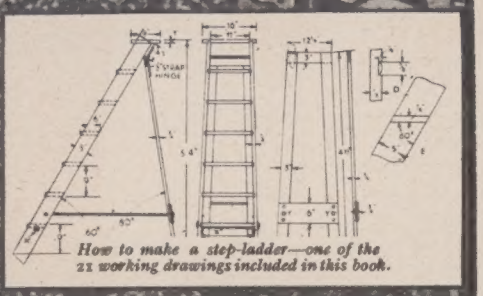
How to paint woodwork.



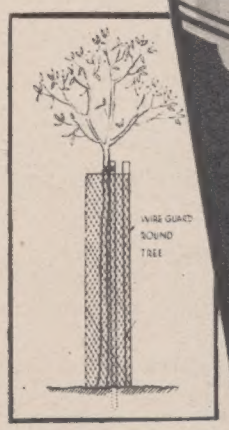
Installing electric light.



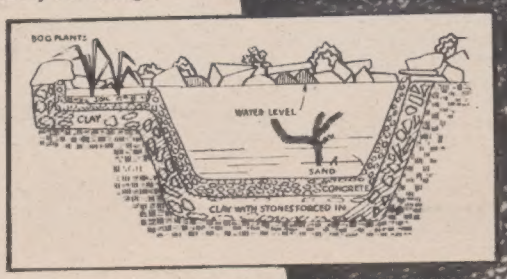
Here is an illustration of "The Handy Man and Home Mechanic." Actual size 9 in. deep by 6½ in. wide, and it weighs nearly 3 lb. Residents in Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.



How to make a step-ladder—one of the 21 working drawings included in this book.



One of the many valuable uses of wire netting.



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- CHOOSING TIMBER
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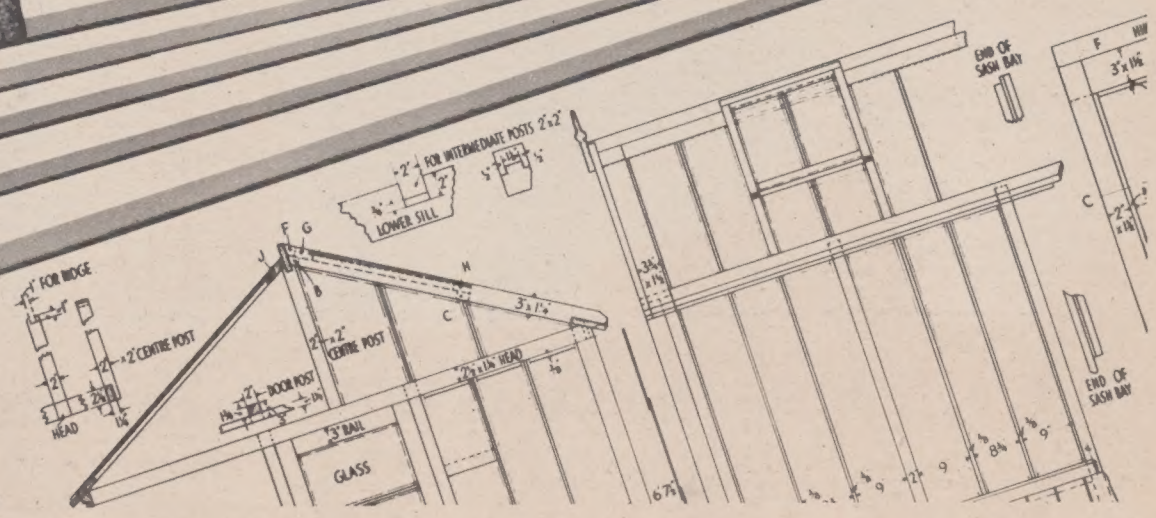
ETC., ETC., ETC.



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THE HANDY MAN AND HOME MECHANIC

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To the SLEEPLESS

Read the personal experience of a Doctor

MANY thousands of personal letters have been received by the proprietors of 'Ovaltine,' testifying to the supreme value of 'Ovaltine' for inducing sound sleep. The following letter from a doctor is a further spontaneous tribute to "the world's best night-cap."

Dear Sirs,

I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellent qualities of 'Ovaltine' as experienced by myself.

For some few years I have suffered from a mild degree of Insomnia, my sleep at night averaging three to three-and-a-half hours. Although I have prescribed 'Ovaltine' for my patients for a number of years on account of its energising and soothing effects, I did not make a personal trial until about three weeks ago, when I sampled it for the first time, on the advice of my daughter, who has taken 'Ovaltine' for several months.

I took a breakfast-cupful on retiring, and I had the best sleep I have had for some considerable time. I thought this might merely be a coincidence, and repeated the experiment the following night with the same happy results.

Needless to say, I have not missed my "night-cap" since, and I shall have the greatest pleasure in continuing to prescribe a preparation which I have personally found of such inestimable benefit. My general health has improved, and I now sleep six to seven hours every night, and feel much more able to face the duties of the morrow than heretofore.

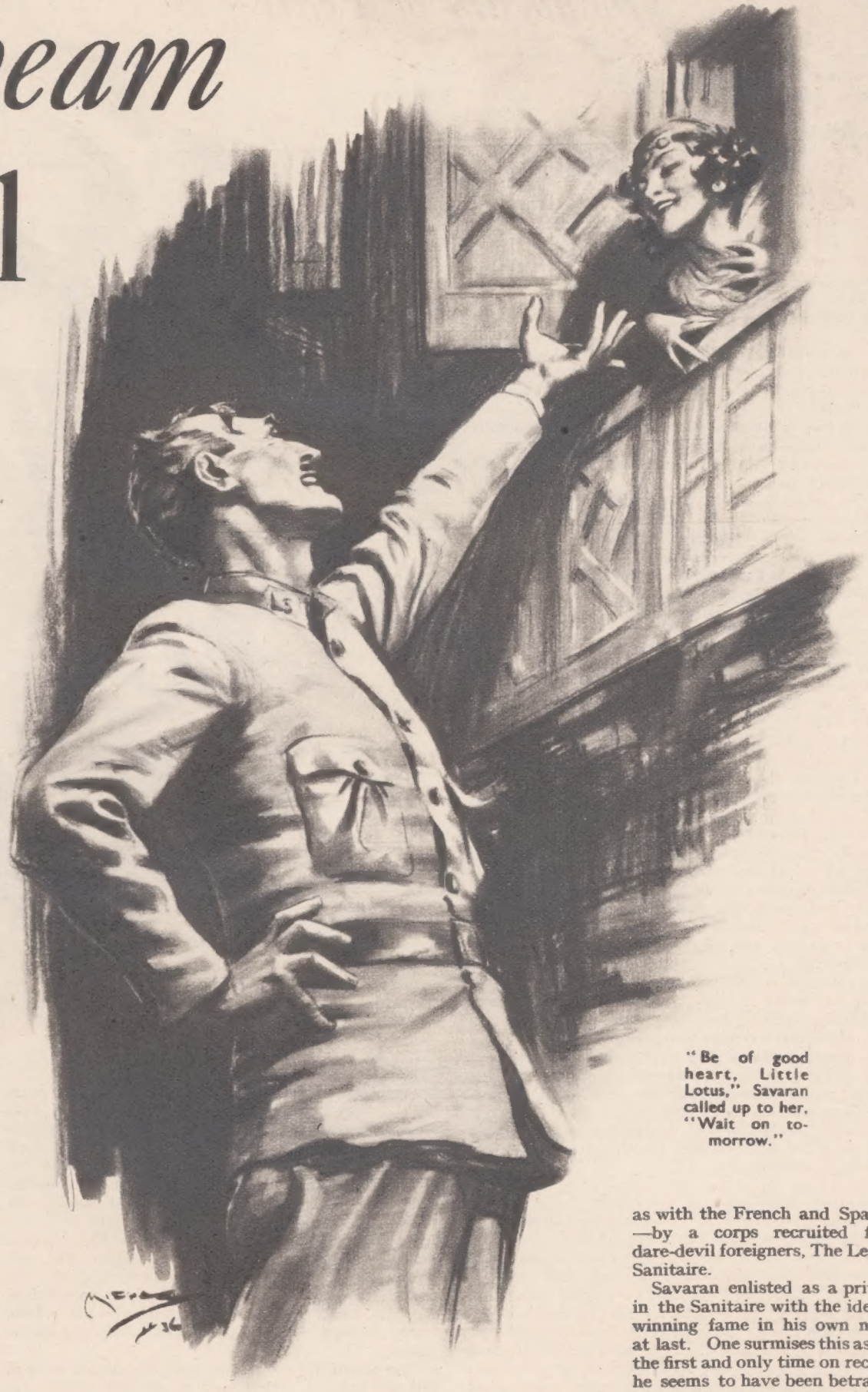
Yours very truly,

(Signed)....., M.B.

NOTE.—The name and address are withheld in accordance with medical etiquette—but the original letter can be seen at the offices of the proprietors of 'Ovaltine.'

P208A

Moonbeam of Pearl



"Be of good heart, Little Lotus," Savaran called up to her. "Wait on to-morrow."

SAVARAN returned to Africa by way of the Keef Coast. The point is interesting because Savaran, the most entertaining human firework Africa has ever endured, seems to have arrived more or less as himself.

Africa knew Savaran only too well before the World War. Indeed, for generations to come native rulers of discontented tribes will reach instinctively for their swords on learning that a white man with a genial eagle face has appeared in their land; while even to-day the dusty files of nearly every European police post contain the description of the bizarre, spider-lean adventurer under one name or another—and sometimes two.

The Germans hunted him as Le Geyt for teaching scientific warfare to their Hottentots, and as Polignac for wiping up a promising new diamond district without licence to work or sell. The Portuguese put a price on his head for gun-running in the name of von Konig. The Sultan of Mudonga prayed Allah for the joy of impaling him on a hard-wood stake for having, in the name of Lincoln and by brilliant generalship, freed the subject Chapra tribe. The British longed to arrest him either as Jorgensen, Voysey, or Jones, for ivory smuggling, fomenting inter-tribal warfare, and for having made himself king of the Buna-Nanga, vice Usamba, deposed and hanged.

Something of a legend and very much a thorn in the sides of jog-along administrations—Savaran. An adventurer of genius and extravagance. One never knew where he would turn up next, or what his game would be. And he was also the very devil to pin down.

When he bolted from death by the sword or by African prison, it was inevitably into territory that found hanging or extraditing him complicated to impossibility. Speaking English, Italian, Spanish, and, indeed, any of the myriad and one tongues current between the Riffi and Table Bay, like a native, he seemed able to pass as a Frenchman, Arab, Portuguese, or any other race at will. And the fact that when caught he promptly adopted the nationality most likely to give trouble made the handling of him as lively as the handling of high-explosive.

Rather like an eagle with a sense of humour, Savaran. A tall, dark, limby fellow with startling military gifts and no modesty at all about his own genius. A creature of extravagant gestures and queer dominating power, he was a sort of Haroun al Raschid and François Villon rolled into one, with a touch of Napoleon to make him more complicated. Young though he had been then, he had played the very deuce with the tribes of the desert and the jungle, so that when the World War came there were some who almost hailed it as a relief from Savaran.

It was, they thought, the only thing big enough to engulf his extravagant ambitions. It did that quite respectably. He fought with amazing capacity on most fronts and several more of his own invention. The Russians, for example, found him waging a private Armageddon of his own against the Turks when they reached Lake Van. He also got mixed up with Lawrence's Arabs, while peace arrived only just in time to prevent him founding a kingdom of his own somewhere East of Ispahan.

After that Africa once more seemed the goal inevitable, and he drifted by natural stages (a little fighting both for and against the Angora Turks, for example) to Mcquala, the capital of the Keef Coast.

The Keef Coast is one of the few remaining oases where a man looking for trouble finds it. It is the colony of one of the more ooze-along European powers, and, since its local citizens still regard death by the sword as the highest form of good breeding, there is plenty of scrapping. Most of it is done—as with the French and Spanish—by a corps recruited from dare-devil foreigners, The Legion Sanitaire.

Savaran enlisted as a private in the Sanitaire with the idea of winning fame in his own name at last. One surmises this as, for the first and only time on record, he seems to have been betrayed into candour about himself. It is his own name that is entered on the Corps Roll, together with the following historical details.

AGE: 35.
TRADE OR OCCUPATION: Field Marshal.
BIRTHPLACE: New Orleans, Louisiana, U.S.A.

This may or may not be the whole truth about him—who but Heaven and Savaran will ever know it?

In any case, one can be quite sure that Savaran came to this beauty-invested, bug-infested portion of the East African seaboard determined that his capacities should win him a high command if not a governorship. And being Savaran he undoubtedly advertised his intentions to the world at large, the Sanitaire, and his sergeant. What is more, since he was Savaran, the world at large *and* the sergeant believed him to be absolutely capable of making good his boasts.

The sergeant thereupon acted like a sergeant.

Instead of marching out to wars and glory, Savaran became almost permanently scrubber to the

(Continued on page 6)

SAVARAN

● Proudly we introduce the mighty Savaran, Twentieth Century Buccaneer. Savaran the irresistible, Savaran the eagle with a sense of humour. His adventures are recorded with a swing and gusto which recall the grand story telling of Dumas, Hugo, and other masters of romance by

Douglas Newton

CONTINUING

Moonbeam of Pearl

Mcquala barracks. Instead of battles and the adventures of the desert, he was given stable cleaning, guard-room duties, and other sniffling little jobs. When he protested he got cells, and bad marks on his promotion sheet. The sergeant was no soldier, but he was an artist in other ways.

It is a testimony to Savaran's determination to win fame by legitimate means that a nature so akin to a volcano remained reasonably meek so long. But steadily the grinding monotony, the heats, the smells, the tin-kettle amusements, the bi-monthly bouts of malaria and the too-frequent familiarity with the lock-up, stoked the rage within him. And one day it flared out.

On that day the sergeant came leering to him and said :

"You want promotion, my fire-eater? I am satisfying you. An escort leaves for Nenussi to-morrow. You go as student-corporal under Lieutenant Garsali and myself."

Savaran's eagle face became cheerfully ferocious —a bad sign—as he listened, for he understood.

The caravan route to Nenussi was infernal, half fiery desert, half stony hill gorges. Neither Garsali nor the sergeant would have taken it unless they were convoying something or someone of such importance that it meant honours. Also, there were brigands on the route, and that was why he was being taken along. Garsali, even more incompetent than the sergeant, was greedier of medal ribbons for his pigeon breast. He meant to make Savaran do all the donkey work of fighting, certain that his underling's genius would enable him to apply for great glories.

Savaran saw the pretty trick, grinned grimly and smote the sergeant on the nose. Then he walked to the lock-up on his own account. It would mean a court-martial, but that also meant that he had spoilt the sergeant's game.

He was wrong there. The sergeant followed him to the cells and, after threatening hell here and hereafter, showed his native cunning. He told Savaran that he would go on the escort all the same and that he would wait the court-martial until he returned. He meant to use Savaran's ability and break him in his own time.

Savaran sat himself down on the stone sleeping bench, lifted his feet clear of the flea zone, and said indifferently :

"I was a fool ever to come to this sty of pariah hogs. However, I have decided to leave it. Say good-bye prettily, sergeant, for when we meet again I shall be too busy wringing your neck to think of courtesies. Remember that : who hurts Savaran pays Savaran with full interest.

That night Savaran kept his word and deserted. The sergeant put a double guard over him, but Savaran fooled them with a paillasse and rolled-up blankets; the window was too old a friend for its bars to hold him.

An hour or so later, in The Street of the Caliph, Savaran encountered two things that so often played a part in his destinies—a whipping and a woman.

The Street of the Caliph is a crooked drain, slimy to the ankle in viscid mud and steep with militant stenches, that runs pinched between the high, sombre palaces of the richest Arabs in Mcquala. A man moves along it with care. A masked stone may pitch him into its mud, its deep gateways can ambush cut-throats, while round any of the tortuous corners can come camels or high-laden mules capable of going right over any pedestrian not nimble enough to jump into a doorway.

Savaran, his spider-spare figure in an *aba* he had borrowed from an Arab—not without violence—was not walking with his usual circumspection. His cheerfully ferocious face was filmed with thought; he was wondering how he could encompass the death of that damnable sergeant in his scheme of escape from Mcquala. Being Savaran he felt that one was quite as necessary as the other. It was because of this preoccupation that a kavass obtained a heaven-sent chance of hitting him across the face.

A kavass is an Arab flunkey who runs before a person of importance, in order to clear the common herd from the path of his master. He carries a long wand to do it with and delights to use it. This fellow, with others, ran before a tall, gross Sherif sitting a blood mare, and his stick got home on the lean Legionaire before Savaran even knew that pride was infecting the air.

The fellow hit the wall farthest from Savaran a split second after his whip fell and remained there apparently trying to hold his face together. Half a dozen others thereupon flung themselves in a mass on Savaran, who proceeded to demonstrate that six able-bodied Arabs made decidedly no impression on a physique like his. When Savaran had wiped the last of them from off his tall frame, he stalked up to the master to present him with his personal opinion and rub his face in the street mud if the fellow would only be sport and show fight.

The Sherif was a huge man, bloated with arrogance and gross living. He had one of those fat, full, pallid faces that pass for benevolence and act like brutality. And he was no idler in that cult either. Savaran, reaching out to jerk him from the saddle, found himself nuzzling the barrel of an automatic pistol.

The Sherif did not condescend to explain himself, but Savaran, a soldier, can appreciate hints. He put his hands above his head even if he did made it plain that he considered the Sherif the boon child of Iblis the damned, and misbegotten at that.

The fat one, exhibiting that indifference that breeds murder, said : "Take hold of him," and, when a dozen hands complied, "Give him thirty lashes."

Then he would have ridden on, but Savaran with a twist freed his right arm and grabbed the big man's bridle.

"Son of an ill-set jelly," he said fiercely. "Have care. I am Savaran, who have made harem slaves of chieftains greater than you. For every whip-stroke you pay doublefold and double again. Hear it ! What Savaran promises Savaran does."

"Beat him on the face," said the Sherif and, as it was done, "Make it fifty strokes."

He then rode calmly through a gate that had opened for him nearby.

Savaran lifted himself from the muck into which the Sherif's servants had flung him, and, pistol in hand, dashed for the gate before the last Arab could slam it.

It was then that the laugh of the girl came.

It was a laugh, soft, silvery, as spontaneous as the swing of a wind flower, vibrant with youth. It came from an overhanging window in the very house the Sherif had entered. Savaran, who responds as eagerly to a flirtation as a fight, checked and looked up. He saw that the heavy fretted woodwork of the *roshan* had been pulled aside so that the laugher could watch the tussle—and in the opening was the girl.

The strong African moonlight was on her as she leant forward. He saw a figure, slight, swaying, swift like the stem of a flower. No Keef Coast Arab, she did not trouble to veil, and he was the luckier for it. She had beauty of a precise and pointed delicacy, lit with a youth that would have been childlike had she not been Arab and all womanly. Savaran's check became a full stop. His quick rage vanished as is the way with quick rages. What, after all, was a fat Sherif—who could wait—beside this dream of a perfect Juliet come true ?

She laughed again at his hesitance, called down with pretty impudence: "On, lion of vengeance, burst the gate."

"Not now, O piping bird in a high wall cage," laughed Savaran, using her own Arabic in its full poetic idiom. "One look at thee and thy father goes safe."

"My father !" the silver laugh became a gurgle. "My father ! O-oh, but that is funny. That is Hamza Ibn Kalid, Sherif of Nenussi."

"Good," said Savaran with a flash of perfect teeth. "I am grateful that I can kill him without sorrow to thee."

He said it in his largest manner, and was taken aback to find her laughter increase.

"But it is a habit of mine," he cried. "No man insults Savaran and lives to a great age after it."

"Aie, you look a vulture among men," she breathed. "But that is comic too—in a *sok* Arab."

arrest and the penal settlement of the desert salt pans—which is the Keef Coast institution for the sure and final end of murderers, rogues and unruly Sanitaires.

She was half won by his daring, half timid. The latter bothered him not a whit. He was Savaran who had a sway over women : a smile, a touch of the hand, and she would be his. He smiled. He touched her hand, and she said unexpectedly :

"Why, you are only a 'Scavenger' after all!" (" Scavengers " is the term of common contempt employed by the Keef Coast Arabs in speaking of the Legion Sanitaire.)

"Who," he asked, his lean face darkening, "gave us so pretty a name?"

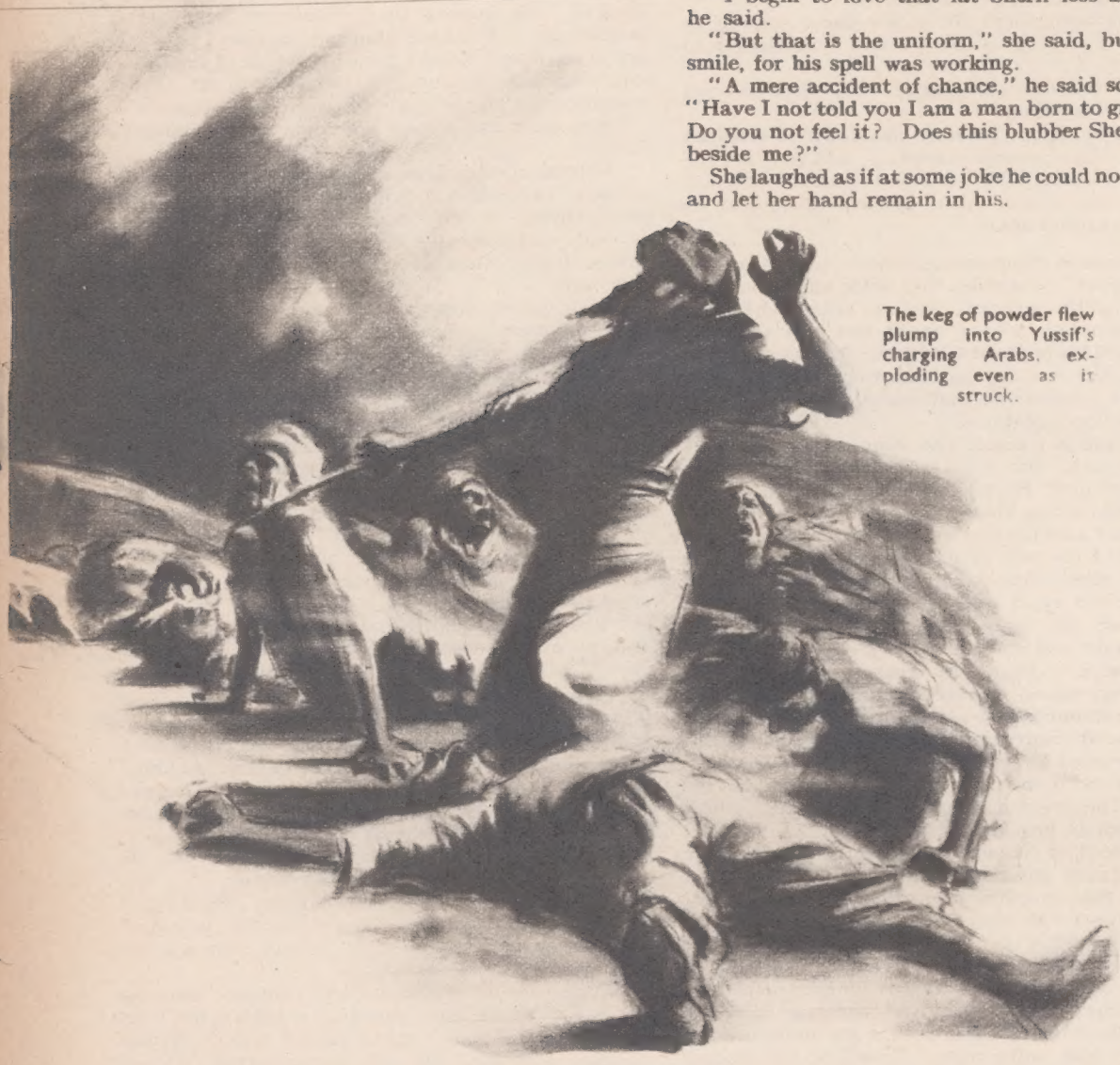
"Hamza Ibn Kalid," she said.

"I begin to love that fat Sherif less and less," he said.

"But that is the uniform," she said, but with a smile, for his spell was working.

"A mere accident of chance," he said scornfully. "Have I not told you I am a man born to greatness? Do you not feel it? Does this blubber Sherif count beside me?"

She laughed as if at some joke he could not yet see, and let her hand remain in his.



The keg of powder flew plump into Yussif's charging Arabs, exploding even as it struck.

Savaran's *aba*, since he had had little opportunity to choose, certainly was of the market place. Now, though it was his only disguise against arrest, he tore it off and flung it into the gutter. Savaran was Savaran. He must look his best before bright eyes, whatever the risk.

"Not Arab, not huckster am I," he cried, "but a man of the sword."

"A soldier!" she breathed at the sigh of his uniform.

"A general," he corrected. His reduction to the ranks was merely temporary, anyhow. "I have also been a ruling prince, a conqueror of tribes and cities such as that fat Sherif never dreamed of. I am one of the conqueror men, O flower among women. I was born to sway kingdoms, I have a power within me. Already, with my sword, I have carved fame from this world . . ."

"Aie," she cried, clapping her little hands softly. "Even as you talk you are a lion among men—and you have fought in wars?"

"I have *made* them," said Savaran largely. "That is my destiny. The tale of my life would make your bright eyes brighter. And since that is something most desirable——" with a sudden, cat-like spring he had caught the sill of the *roshan*, and even as she uttered a tiny cry was snug beside her. That is Savaran—swift to act, be it war or love.

Close, she was more beautiful. Lovely as a bud just unfolding, for she could not have been more than sixteen, she was mature as well as dewy, quick to passion and quick to laughter, as became a true Arab of perfect strain. He sat and satisfied his discriminating eye, entirely forgetting, such was the man, that should a piquet appear it would mean

"Truly he is a bladder," she admitted. "With all his pride, he bulges like a mattress when his men hoist him to saddle."

"Pride is a good thing in a man," said Savaran, "but he should have a figure to match. I am a case in point."

"Yea, thou art as proud as a tiger," the exquisite little head nodded. "You will be splendid in anger."

"I am also passable in other emotions, O Date Palm of Loveliness," he said, and shifted closer.

"Moonbeam of Pearl, is my name," she said quite coolly. "And thine—Zaffaranie? A hard name for Arab lips."

"See," he said softly, "mine on thine will show you how to shape it—Sa-var-an!"

She was even cooler. She held him off, said :

"Saarvaran—I like thy name. I like thee, too, though thou art an *effringi* and Hamza calls thee Scavenger."

"This fat Sherif buzzes between us like a blue-bottle," he said. "I find him more and more unpleasant."

"It is so," she sighed, "yet it is not you who have to marry him."

"But—Softness of Moonlight, that misbegotten son of a whale is not fit to wed thee!"

"Yet it is the truth," she sighed. "To-morrow I start for Nenussi and his harem."

"Nenussi—to-morrow!" he said sharply. "By Allah, it is *thy* caravan we escort, then! Savaran, your star is at work."

"It is so," she said. "You know my tribe, the richest and most powerful north of the Keef Coast. My father is its king. Hamza marries me because he is greedy of power and wealth."

"But you cannot favour this fat Sherif?" he cried.

"I? Am I asked? Does what is in a maiden's heart count in our marriage?"

"In thy heart?" Savaran frowned. "It would seem as though thy heart hath already found its desire then."

"It was lost five moons ago," she sighed. "To Zaid Ali of the Zeb."

"A wild desert man!" he jerked. "Could it be possible that such could count before Savaran?

"Aie," she breathed. "Wild and tall and strong. Like a lion—like thee, Saarvaran!"

Was that instinctive feminine diplomacy? No matter, Savaran immediately felt there was a lot to be said for Zaid.

"But a man of a wandering tribe," he felt it necessary to point out. "A mere tent dweller."

"That is why my father favours Hamza before him," she said. "Hamza is powerful, of a strong, well-ruled tribe that will steadily become greater. Zaid is also a chieftain, but his Zeb are scattered. They wander and fight in mere bands acknowledging no one ruler, so they are as feeble as they are numerous."

"Yes, they want a leader to pull them together," he said, his eyes gleaming with his quick thoughts. "Good stuff, with the right man to handle them—such as I am." His eyes became shrewd. "Is that why you travel to Nenussi by the Keef Coast instead of the shorter land trail? Zaid has gathered his men to snatch you as your caravan goes through his deserts?"

"No," she sighed. "It was not fear of Zaid. Hamza is too strong for the Zeb in their present state; even Zaid admits it. It is because Yussif of the Dagger and his brigand band lurk in the border hills. I am a princess, worth much ransom. I bring a rich dowry. Hamza who does not wish to pay a penny for me or lose a penny of mine, thought out this clever way of protecting me with no cost of his own purse. He is the valued friend of the *effringis* who rule the Keef Coast. He has bargained with them that he should crush Yussif with his tribe. The *effringi* are therefore giving him powder and guns to do this, also an escort of soldiers to guard it till it reaches his Kasba. So Hamza gets a guard for his bride for nothing and brought me with my Beni-Seyyid men and women to Mcquala by the ship of steam. That is Hamza. He has a heart like a money-bag. Even now he is in this house making sure—before taking me to Nenussi—that he has not been cheated over my dowry."

"A dog without a single lover's grace," said Savaran. "Savaran, always the friend of love and lovers, has another reason to hate him. And does he marry you here, Little Moonbeam?"

"No," she said. "I shall not be his wife until the night I reach his Kasba at Nenussi. That is the custom of his race."

"And Zaid Ali knows of your journey?"

"He will sit among his people on the border mourning as I go by . . . but why do you laugh, O Saarvaran?"

"Because life assuredly was made for the amusement of Savaran," he said with eyes, bright, and he dropped from the window. "Be of good heart, Little Lotus," he called up to her, "and wait on to-morrow."

"But tell me—you have something in your mind?" she cried.

"Not now," he laughed softly, "I have just remembered a place to which I must return before the world and its sergeants take fright at the knowledge that Savaran is free."

And so Savaran returned to his prison house, by the way he came out, never having been missed by the guard set over him.

A caravan of three hundred camels shuffled listlessly from the brazen sand of the Keef desert into the blistering stone lands of the border hills.

Garsali, Lieutenant of the Legion Sanitaire, his pigeon breast a rainbow of medal ribbons, his heart constructed by nature to turn to water at the smallest excuse, and his pretty face loose with fears, was finding he had several quite large ones now.

An important and powerful Sherif, whose friendship to the Keef Coast Administration must be kept at all costs, his bride, much princely treasure and a hundred camel loads of munitions of war that must on no account fall into unfriendly hands, depended upon Garsali and his military capacities. He was perfectly aware that he was without military capacities. This is frequently—though, as the Great War showed, not always—a trying emotion for a soldier.

Garsali blinked down at a flapping map wondering how on earth Napoleon had managed to conjure victories out of such idiot things, and he said feebly : *(Continued overleaf)*

CONTINUING *Moonbeam of Pearl*

"It would appear that four frontier lines come together about here."

"It is so," said Hamza Ibn Kalid who rode fat, perspiring and almost grandly wordless to his right.

"Nenussi is the land straight ahead?" said Garsali.

"Two marches through the *siks* (gorges) of those mountains before us is Nenussi—my land!" said Hamza loftily.

"And over there, to the right, beyond the hills, is Beni-Seyyid?" said Garsali.

"You have said it," grunted Hamza, who had very little small talk outside meals, money and massacres.

"And among those hills is Yussif of the Dagger with his cut-throats?" Garsali's voice was husky.

"Indeed, the hills swarm with his vermin," said Hamza with an unconcern so lofty that Garsali croaked:

"I hear he is more dangerous than ever, his following bigger, his attacks more bloodthirsty."

"That is so," shrugged Hamza. "He is now bolder on the *ghazu* (raid). And more particular. Now he kills all not worth ransoming."

"And those for ransom?" gasped Garsali.

"He asks an absurd price and then cuts off the ears, nose and limbs until it is paid."

"Pray Allah he does not attack us then," cried Garsali fervently.

"Us?" Hamza's stare was fat and cold. "What concern is it of mine? It is you and your soldiers who have to deal with Yussif. Have you made your plans?"

Garsali gulped and stared at the sergeant. The sergeant decided it was wiser to change the subject.

"But to the right above the Beni-Seyyid and before we reach Nenussi we touch the land of the Zeb, do we not?"

"That is so," said Hamza, resuming a huge indifference.

"Arabs, too?" asked the sergeant. "Friendly?"

"Nothing!" grunted the Sherif of Nenussi. "Just wild men, mere black-tent Arabs without power. A leaderless pack of wanderers."

"No danger from them?" asked Garsali with a wan smile.

"None for a large party, though they would cut our throats if they could. One day, after I have settled with Yussif, when my marriage and my natural might have brought the Beni-Seyyid under my dominion, I will move on to the Zeb and take all their land for myself. Then I will be the greatest ruler in this part of Africa—as, indeed, I deserve to be."

"I see," said Garsali, looking anxiously towards the hills. "Meanwhile Yussif of the Dagger still lives."

"He troubles me not," said Hamza pleasantly. "Your government has promised me your head if any harm comes to me."

Garsali gave a little wriggle of fear and glared at the sergeant. The sergeant, his face clammy, muttered as though hoping to reassure himself also.

"It is all right, my lieutenant, Savaran is with us. Savaran is more than a match for any hill brigand."

"No doubt," groaned Garsali, "but can we depend upon the fellow since you were such a fool as to throw him into prison?"

"It taught him a lesson," said the sergeant sulkily. "He has been meek enough since we marched; one must handle these boasters firmly."

At that precise moment Savaran was riding beside the *shugduf* of a superb white camel splendid in its trapping. Also he was leaning forward from the saddle to kiss the tiny, hennaed hand stretching from the litter towards him.

"The delight of morning with its sunlight be on thee, most precious of women," he said, in his grimly cheerful way. "Even now we approach the hills that make the gate of Nenussi."

The *shugduf* shook as though its inmate was disturbed.

"You speak too lightly of a place more hateful to me with every stride my camel takes," said the soft voice of Moonbeam of Pearl.

"Aye, but when he smells battle in the wind Savaran's heart is always light, child," he cried with a flash of his superb teeth.

"Fighting!" she breathed. "Yussif of the Dagger will attack?"

"He is in those hills to the right even now," cried Savaran, his eagle face aflame, "gloating over this rich caravan."

"You are sure?" she cried.

"Savaran always knows. He has that instinct. Also, a little while back, crows rose in a wild flurry behind the crests. That was Yussif's men keeping pace with us in the valley beyond. They disturbed the carrion birds at their meal on a dead camel."

"And the Sherif and the lieutenant know this?"

"They know nothing, since one is merely a little puff-breasted medal-ribbon soldier and the other so fat in pride that he cannot conceive the Sanitaire daring to risk his hurt."

"So Yussif will catch us amid the mountains?" she cried.

"Assuredly! Yussif, if a scoundrel, is a good workman," he grinned cheerfully.

"And can we escape? These mountains are a death trap, they say," she cried anxiously.

"They are," he smiled, "but fear not, Moonbeam of Pearl, Savaran rides beside thee."

He continued silent for a few paces smiling to himself. Then: "This dawn I sent a messenger to Zaid Ali."

"Zaid," the soft voice gasped. "But can Zaid and his Zeb do anything?"

"Little enough," he said cheerfully. "Without Savaran. But Savaran is here . . . and they are the men I love best. Wild leaderless fighters, those are the men I can mould. Also I feel it is time for me to make a kingdom again."

The sergeant was preening himself on being a good prophet. It seemed that after all he was the man to handle Savaran. Savaran who had been a docile yet dumb soldier up to this was suddenly goaded into his brilliant self by the threat among the hills. At the mid-day halt he dropped his reserve and made suggestions that Garsali translated into superb military gestures.

"Is it not as I said?" the sergeant chuckled. "I knew my man. His is the type that cannot keep in the background. He smells Yussif of the Dagger and cannot help acting the soldier."

Certainly a soldier and a capable one was functioning. Out of the mob of straggling camels and their rabble of attendants, Savaran, with commands that were like the exact strokes of a pen in a drawing, reorganised the caravan into a military machine, workmanlike and compact.

Moonbeam of Pearl, her treasure and household camels, were placed in the centre, and before and after her the ammunition beasts, while her Beni Seyyid and the most trusted of Savaran's cronies among the Sanitaire acted as guard over the lot. Garsali, with the majority of the camels of the Sanitaire, led the column. The sergeant, guarding the Sherif of Nenussi and his beasts, brought up the rear.

The Sherif of Nenussi protested in plump wrath that brigands practically always attacked at the rear and that it was not becoming to a man of his importance to be the first to encounter vermin. Garsali said loftily that he had given orders and they could not be over-ruled. Savaran, who had given them to Garsali, grinned. He was not even displeased when Hamza Ibn Kalid moved discreetly closer to the middle of the caravan when it got under way.

Hamza was quite right. Yussif of the Dagger attacked at the rear. And why not? He had already blocked the valley ahead?

His tribesmen swooped down with popping guns and yells, as is the Arab way, and, as though worked by a single lever, all the Arabs, save Savaran's dashed to join the dog fight. As far as they counted the centre was left defenceless, but Arab attackers never turn from the rear to attack it—it is probably against the rules.

Savaran, wise in such methods, smiled his grim smile and held his own Sanitaire and Beni-Seyyid firm about the central mass with the mere discipline of his eagle glance. Also he gave his precise orders.

They were being carried out when Garsali came spurring from the front, his medal ribbons bright, his military intelligence duller than ever.

"They attack the head of the caravan," he bleated. "They have blocked the gorge. . . . What shall we do? . . . What are you doing?"

"Extricating my force in good order," grinned Savaran. He turned to a Sanitaire who came spurring up. "You have found the canyon I pointed out on the map? Good! Swing this part of the caravan with all ammunition camels into it. Post machine-guns on the spurs to cover the movement."

"But—but this means you run away?" gasped Garsali.

"Retreating to a defensive position is the correct military expression," grinned Savaran and gave more orders.

"But—but you leave the rear and van to fight the Arabs alone," shouted the sergeant who had also come up.

"Good generalship," said Savaran. "They protect my retirement."

"It is not good," cried Garsali, thinking of his honours. "We should stand and beat off these brigands."

"Go and beat 'em then," grinned Savaran. "No doubt you know how. Me—I recognise there is no hope of fighting an overwhelming enemy on ground of his own choosing. So I'm choosing a bit for myself."

Garsali seemed to think he would go and help him chose it. So did the sergeant. So did the Sherif Hamza Ibn Kalid. The latter, after sitting his horse fatly and proudly aloof, spurred furiously up, and cried pompously:

"You are here to defend me and my property, and, by Allah, I insist upon it. I have much money on the camels those brigands even now surround."

Garsali wrung his hands and bleated at Savaran: "We must do as he says. He has power with the authorities. It is ruin for all of us if we fail him."

"I am not interested," said Savaran, and turned to give orders for the swift erection of a breastwork across the steep throat of the gorge.

The Sherif of Nenussi lost his grand calm. He foamed at the thought of his lost money.

"Dogs," he shouted. "You shall pay. By Allah, I will see to it that you pay. Cowardly jackals—running away from your duty bolting from a handful of dirty hill thieves"

"We're not so brave as thee, Hamza," Savaran grinned. "Fight 'em yourself. Or better, bid your servants whip them—thirty lashes each." Hamza checked goggling. He was remembering. "Or if thirty does not serve, make it fifty," said Savaran grimly. "It is a number that should come easy to your tongue."

Hamza's pasty face went green. He shouted to Garsali:

"We are lost. I know this man. He is a scoundrel I had whipped. Arrest him before he betrays us all."

Garsali might have been willing, but he had other things to occupy him. Yussif's Arabs had seen the retreat. They were swarming in pursuit and their bullets hummed round his ears. This meant too much war in the air for Garsali, he bolted for the barricade up the gorge with the sergeant, but the Sherif of Nenussi beat them by three lengths.

Yussif's wild tribesmen charged for the third time against the barricade of camel packs Savaran had stretched from wall to wall of the gorge. As they came up the stiff slope they were cruelly raked by frontal and flanking fire from rifles and machine-guns placed by a master, yet their numbers and their desire for the jewel camels beyond might have carried them on to and over the breastwork if Savaran had not jumped on to it.

He stood tall, lean and exposed against the sky, a keg of powder lifted high in his powerful, spidery arms, while a fuse hissed its promise of death from the keg! He poised it calmly until it seemed that the spluttering fuse must disappear into the powder and blast him out of existence. Then at his own moment he heaved. The keg flew plump into the midst of the thickest group of Yussif's charging Arabs, exploding even as it struck. The sheer crash of the detonation was appalling, its effect terrific. It wiped out the group like hot flame licking up grass.

(*Continued on page* 28)

NEXT WEEK

Our Twenty-First Birthday and Spring Double Number

WE are twenty-one on the twentieth of this month and to mark the great occasion we have prepared a marvellous Double Number for your delight. The good things in store for you on Friday next include: Long Opening Instalment of a New Serial Thriller,

"THE ALTAR OF THE MOON"

Another SAVARAN Story by Douglas Newton—other stories by JACLAND MARMUR, B. L. JACOT, GRAHAM GREENE, CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE, FLORENCE KILPATRICK, ROLAND PERTWEE, W. A. SWEENEY.

Articles by S. L. BENSUSAN, PAUL POIRET, ROSITA FORBES, FRED PERRY, and *THE BIG SURPRISE*

All in the Passing Show, March 21

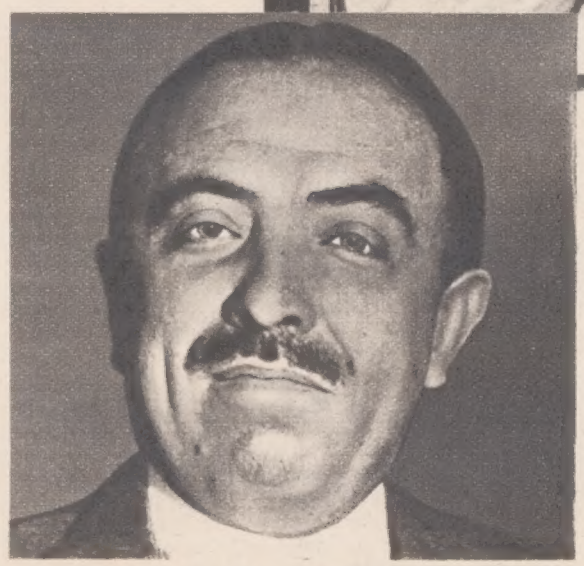
On Sale Friday, March 20. Price Threepence

Confessions *of a* *Fashion King*

(2)

by PAUL POIRET

● Mistinguett—"She has always alleged that I am the only man whose glance has made her afraid."



● Worth—in whose establishment "I once suffered a terrible snubbing."

THE life of a dress designer unrolls before him like a varied but continuous cinema-film. He sees all the stars of the day, all the glories of the epoch, file past him. My film began as a young boy, when I watched every morning from Doucet's windows three lines of carriages draw up before the doors to admit the famous, the elegant, and the eccentric.

I shall never, for instance, forget the picture of General Robineau, the most elegant sportsman of his day in Paris, dressed in a superb silk hat and fastidious jacket arriving, when the weather was pleasant, on his tricycle! Or the beautiful Comptesse de la Riboisière stepping gracefully into her Victoria, and sinking back into an ocean of soft grey cushions, while a footman arranged furs round her knees.

One morning there was a merry jingling of bells outside, a swish of silk in the doorway, and in swept the famous Réjane—the darling of Paris, and then at the height of her fame. I stood spellbound while she whispered in Doucet's ear about the new piece in which she was to play—*Zaza*.

To my joy (for I was young then, and this was my first experience "chez" a great couturier) I was let into their confidence, and actually commissioned to make the "star-piece" of her new play—a grand and voluptuous mantle designed to electrify the whole audience! From that moment I could not sleep, as none of my ideas seemed worthy enough of Réjane.

Finally I created a mantle of black tulle veiling a black taffeta that had been hand-painted by Billotey (a famous fan-painter) with immense white and mauve irises. Two enormous ribbons of mauve and violet satin ran across the tulle, joined at the shoulders, and closed the cloak in front with a cunning knot.

It created a sensation at the theatre, and I found I had "stormed the ramparts" on the shoulders of Réjane!

As a contrast to this triumph, I once suffered a terrible snubbing at Worth's. One morning while Monsieur Gaston Worth was contentedly watching from his window the traffic of elegant carriages, he suddenly sprang round exclaiming: "Mesdames, Princess ————!"

With one movement all the saleswomen rose to their feet, and in an instant the whole room was in a flutter of excitement. Chairs were ranged along the wall as if for a review, and everybody made for the landing stage outside the lift. From every corridor members of the staff hurried out, until at last the entire house was "on deck" in Indian file in front of the door. Monsieur Worth even stifled the barks of the little dog he was holding under his arm, and who naturally clamoured to take part in the general commotion!

I craned my neck from the end of the Indian file, curious to see how beautiful and important this princess must be to cause such a sensation at Worth's. The lift took an immense time to come—doubtless it was bearing a very heavy weight, I thought. It arrived, stopped, the doors swung back, and out stepped someone like a stout little curate, black-clad, bent over two sticks, and smoking a big cigar. It was the Princess ————!

Everyone bowed or curtseyed, while the Princess rapped out: "Worth, show me your confections!"

Obsequiously Monsieur Worth waved her to a seat, and while some dozen mannequins were being excitedly prepared in another room, I was given the signal honour of showing her my latest cloak. Doubtless to-day it would seem ordinary, but then it was a novelty; a great square kimono in black cloth, bordered with black satin cut on the cross. The sleeves, wide to the bottom, were finished with cuffs embroidered in Chinese fashion.

When the Princess saw it she uttered a cry and exclaimed: "Oh, what a horror! With us, when there are low fellows who run after our sledges and annoy us, we have their heads cut off and put into sacks just like that. . . ."

I slunk off feeling as if my head was already in the sack!

A certain Baroness H——, another eccentric lady, once arrived at Doucet's looking, I thought, like an aged washerwoman, though she marched in with great authority and stared insolently at everyone. Trailing in her wake was the Baron and her little Loulou Pomeranian dogs. By every means in her power she attacked and humiliated the Baron, who was made to hold the little dogs in his arms and received a box on the ear if he let one slip!

Watching him through the mirror, the Baroness suddenly turned to him with seeming sweetness and solicitude, and commanded in a ringing voice: "Blow your nose, Henri!" and the Baron, putting down the dogs, submissively blew his nose!

One day she asked the cutter and myself to arrange a fitting at her house. After receiving us in her room she turned to her husband and commanded: "Go out and get some cigars for these gentlemen."

Dragging his gouty legs behind him, the poor man returned in a few moments with two cigars. But just as he was offering them to us, the Baroness knocked them into the air with the back of her hand, rasping out: "Not those you fool, though they are good enough for you," and fetching two new boxes, she presented them to the cutter and myself with a smile that had no goodness in it.

From that moment I swore to myself that no woman should ever treat me in such a fashion!

During my early days at Doucet's we were commissioned to dress the corps de Ballets at the Opera, and I had my first glimpse then behind the scenes of the theatre world. It was still the days when privileged gentlemen paid high prices for an annual ticket (in the stalls) at the Opera which admitted them into the "foyer" of the dancers, and many times I saw members of this "circle" in elegant hats and waxed moustaches press round the dancers, knock at the doors of the dressing-rooms, and privily put flowers and notes into the hands of the valets.

I had the honour, too, of designing most of the costumes for "L'Aiglon," including that of Sarah Bernhardt herself, all in white with the scarf knotted at the waist that characterised her role. I often came into contact with this great actress, who was one of the most electrifying personalities I have met—as I was to know to my cost!

One evening I secretly "gate-crashed" into the theatre where "L'Aiglon" was being rehearsed and, aided by a friend and the dim lights, slipped unobserved into the stalls where I saw a few privileged persons sunk into their seats. I had managed to hear a whole act of the piece when I indiscreetly made an aside to my friend about the grotesqueness of this revue.

The remark was overheard, passed on to the stage, and Sarah Bernhardt told of my presence. In a voice none the less petrifying for its ringing clarity, she ordered the rehearsal to stop instantly, while I was "put out" of the house in disgrace! Afterwards she complained to Monsieur Doucet, and I was severely reprimanded for my indiscretion.

I worked a great deal for the theatre later on—indeed my theatrical costume and decor played an important role (if I may say so) in making my name famous.

"Mineret," for instance, in its way was a revolution in stage presentation and design, because for the first time the dress designer, scenic artists, and producer, co-operated in adopting the same conception. Up to this time for instance, the dress designer sent his gowns to the theatre entirely ignorant of the sauce with which they would be eaten—that is to say on what kind of background and under what lighting effects, they would be seen.

The star of this piece was the famous Cora Laparcerie, and we all worked very happily together to produce the right effects. The first act was a symphony in blue and green, the second in red and violet, and the third in black and white, and I must say that when the curtain went up on the first act there was a spontaneous and long-drawn "Ah—!" from the audience, as if they sensed the freshness of the first raindrops from a long needed shower.

After this we produced "Aphrodite," stamped on my memory by the interminable quarrels at each rehearsal between the adapter, Pierre Frondaie, and

(*Continued on page* 10)

● Left to right are Yvette Guilbert, Réjane, Bernhardt—and the famous legs of Mistinguett.

● Delysia—"I especially love lovely gardens, fresh with green lawns and roses."

Continuing PAUL POIRET

Cora Laparcerie. "To H. . . with you, Madame," Pierre Frondaie would shout, raising his stick, and poor Cora would beat a hasty retreat into her box. The real author of the play, Pierre Louys, only came to rehearsals once, and no one took the slightest notice of him!

One day I was summoned to the Château of the great Henri Bataille, to hear him read his next play, "Don Juan." This eccentric gentleman's portrait has often been described, but he always produced a kind of pierrot melancholy on me, and I found the atmosphere of distinguished boredom and langour with which he always surrounded himself, extremely artificial.

Everything and everyone around him was arranged to produce an effect, even the theatrical entry of his friend Yvonne De Bray who, the day we were there, suddenly appeared in the doorway in a shepherdess straw hat and muslin dress, carrying an enormous bunch of roses, and accompanied by her three greyhounds and a black llama. Without the llama, as a matter of fact, it was the exact reproduction of the cover-picture of a current magazine.

Henri Bataille himself was reclining languidly in an immense armchair, with one arm in a sling. At first I was deceived by his sufferings until, watching him slowly and painfully withdraw his wounded arm to greet his friend Yvonne De Bray, I noticed that he absent-mindedly put the wrong arm back in the sling!

With the famous painter De Segonzac, I designed the costumes and decor for a piece called "Nabuchodonozor" at the Theatre des Arts, in which whimsical de Max was playing the chief role. In the one scene where the king is changed into an ox, he wore an immense cloak which I had specially dyed a magnificent shade of Tyrian purple, and a crown adorned with belfries, turrets, and minarets, which weighed thirteen pounds! But de Max was such an artist that he submitted to any torture to produce the right effect. Later I myself borrowed this costume, and made a sensational entry into the Quatre Arts ball at the Moulin Rouge, followed by a train of honour of a hundred half naked girls!

One of my happiest experiences was designing the costumes for Charles Cochran's "Afgar"—that spectacular operette which enjoyed three years success at the London Pavilion. It was here that the beautiful Delysia made her debut, and it is to Paris's shame that London—or rather Mr. Cochran—was left to discover her talent, for under the direction of this skilled manufacturer of stars, Delysia was fêted, adulated, and triumphantly acclaimed a success.

I went to London myself to put the final touches to the costumes, and was invited for the week-end to Delysia's country cottage. Here I had the privilege of meeting all the famous stars of the Tivoli and Holborn, including Morton, Little Tich, Lupino Lane, and George Robey—whose eyebrows contain so much malice and humour!

I thoroughly enjoyed the week-end, and especially Delysia's lovely garden fresh with green lawns and roses, and indeed the whole atmosphere of the "house-party," which seemed to me to be that mixture of happiness, prosperity, and elegance, that only the English know how to give.

I had various methods of handling "difficult" clients! But there is very little to be done when you are confronted with a display of sheer "temperament." (That, I believe, is the modern term!)

A notoriously "temperamental" client, the Comptesse P——, once tore a beautiful gown to shreds in front of the very eyes of my outraged saleswomen, because this and that on the sleeves did not suit her particular "mood" that day!

Another notoriously "nervous" client was Mistinguett, for whom let me say at once, I have a limitless admiration, though she has always alleged that I am the only man whose glance has ever made her afraid! I once made her a very beautiful dress for the "Weapons of Woman" at the Casino de Paris, in which she was to represent a rose. I let my imagination run riot and made a ravishing costume which really *was* a rose, and cost ten times the price I was to receive.

It was a crinoline skirt made of immense petals that flared from a corselet of green velvet striped with diamonds. On the final evening of the rehearsal, however, she suddenly became "nervous" and picked a quarrel with my dressmakers, and, after a raging storm, flung the costume into a corner of the room and flounced out of my house!

It must have been about May, 1911, when I decided to give an unforgettable party—a Persian feast—in my gardens, and call it the "Thousand-and-second Night." Calling together several of my artist friends I put my entire resources at their disposal, and between us we gave our imagination free rein. In fact some of my friends have since told me they have never forgotten the thrilling spectacles of that night!

Certainly anyone calling the next morning would have been surprised to find my guests reclining in the garden, being plied with myrrh and incense by forty negroes and negresses, and served with "hors d'œvres" and mysterious Indian dishes by Hindoo cooks, while hundreds of parrakeets and monkeys, having broken their chains and escaped from my trees, were flying and leaping over the neighbouring roofs towards the Champs Elysees.

Any guest who did not arrive in Persian costume, was immediately provided with one according to authentic documents, and I must say the whole scene—sanded courts, gushing fountains, and multi-coloured tents—was like Aladdin's palace, or a scene from the Arabian Nights.

Snake-charmers, Persian dancers and story-tellers, a cataract of luminous fire, were only a few of the night's distractions, and my "favourite" (Madame Poiret), was shut up in a huge golden cage with twisted iron grills, and plied by her maids of honour with sherbets, plumes, mirrors, little birds, and aquariums!

The "Feast of Bacchus" I gave in a forest near Versailles. Three hundred guests came as nymphs, goddesses, gods, naiads, dryads, and satyrs, and were met on their arrival by a procession of torchbearers, who led them through the dim groves to a pavilion where I, dressed as the chryselephantine statue of Olympian Jove with curled hair and beard, and shod with buskins, received them.

Electric cars hidden behind the trees gave us illumination, and all through the night forty musicians softly played the airs of Bach, Lulli, and Boccherini. At four in the morning breakfast was served, and a procession of nymphs filed past, bearing on their shoulders three hundred melons, three hundred lobsters, three hundred foie gras, three hundred ices, etc.

At dawn the famous Isadora Duncan ecstatically climbed up on to the terrace, and spontaneously gave us a delirious improvisation, dancing as only she knew how to dance. A short while after this, Isadora invited me to one of her concerts at the Trocadero, and calling at my house happened to find me very upset by the sudden death of a dear friend—he was in fact, Rousseau, my faithful book-keeper and business collaborator.

"Come just the same," she pleaded with me, "and when it is over, don't go. Stay in the hall and I will dance for him."

I shall never forget the scene. When the last guest had gone and the lights were dimmed, Isadora turned to the organist and asked him to play Chopin's Funeral March. Someone must have described somewhere the miracle of Isadora dancing. She just rose up as if from the earth, and abandoned herself to a disordered and pathetic rendering, and then fell back into the void with a majesty and gentleness beyond my power to express.

With tears streaming down my face I thanked her for the joy she had given me. She said, simply: "It is the first time I have ever dared to dance this funeral march. I have always been afraid it might bring ill-fortune upon me."

Less than two weeks afterwards, she lost her two children in a very horrible accident.

An amusing incident once happened to me at a fête I gave on the Riviera—at Cannes, I think. I drove from Paris in my car with some friends on a beautiful spring morning and, feeling full of the joy of life, I came suddenly upon a charming picture—a little Parisian flower-girl selling violets at the corner of the Boulevard in full sunshine. She was pretty with such a fresh charm, and her voice was so clear and sweet as she sang, that I impulsively sprang out of my car and asked her the price of the violets.

"I will buy them all," I said, "and you with them," and lifting her into the car I took her off with us to sing Parisian "Chansons" at the banquet! She was delightful, and full of spirited charm as she prattled away en route for the Riviera and I explained to her how she was to appear—quite naturally, with no kind of fuss or make-up.

Unfortunately, she took my words too literally, and when the curtains were parted and I opened her door and announced: "La Môme Moineau," she came running in—almost undressed! Consternation! There was only one thing to do, and whipping from my pocket the large pair of scissors I always keep there, I snatched up a rose-pink table-cloth nearby which happened to catch my eye and there and then improvised a ravishing evening gown for my little protégée!

My garden in Paris was so beautiful and I so enjoyed myself dining there quietly under the shady trees on summer evenings, that one day I decided to build a little pavilion there and call it the "Oasis" theatre, so that I could entertain my friends in the charm of these surroundings.

Financially, it was a failure, but while it lasted I enjoyed delightful evenings, especially "bringing back" some of Paris's stars of the past such as Yvette Guilbert, and Bruant with his immense Rembrandt black hat, velvet costume and red chemise and scarf. I had great difficulty to persuade Yvette Guilbert to make her re-appearance and had, in fact, to resort to trickery. I had a false Yvette brought in whose imitations of her were far from good.

The real Yvette immediately sprang up from the audience: "Ah, no, Mademoiselle, your imitation is charming, but it is really not accurate. *This* is pretty much how Yvette Guilbert used to sing at that time," and in the midst of a tremendous ovation she began her number!

We had some amusing fêtes here, too, especially one called "The Stomach of Paris," at which all my guests came wearing a blouse and peasant's bonnet, or market-porter's cap. The garden was converted into a real village market square, and everyone was asked to buy their own vegetables and produce from the stalls (large baskets were provided) and afterwards make their own stew!

Another very beautiful party was "The Fête of Moonlight," when the whole garden was hung with delicate gossamer, and a radiant moon shone down on nets of pearls and diamonds, airy feather boas, muslins, and crescent moons.

Ah! Paris knew how to be gay then. . . .

NEXT WEEK:
TO BE CONTINUED

SHORT SHORT STORY *by*

★ Miles Henslow

As he bent forward he became aware of a horrible detail which he had dreamed. The boots !

Mr. Rumbold's Dream

MR. RUMBOLD awoke uneasily. He was sweating. It had been one of his most vivid dreams : natural and full of trifling yet significant details which still lingered in wakefulness. He passed a damp hand over his eyes, turned over in bed and stared at the ceiling.

None knew better than Mr. Rumbold the futility of trying to recapture a dream by vigorous thought. There was only one thing to do, and that was to drift back into a state of semi-coma, focusing the mind gently upon one outstanding detail. The village clocks had just struck six when he awoke : they struck seven as he sat up in bed with a contented sigh. Full memory had returned.

Mr. Rumbold was a very ordinary man. There are thousands like him in every part of the world, with ordinary jobs, ordinary worries and pleasures, ordinary expressions and ordinary tastes. And, though Mr. Rumbold would never have believed it, his occasional dreams which had such uncanny bearing upon the events of the world were not really out of the ordinary.

His friends were always interested, of course. There is always something interesting about a dream which has come true. The trouble is that such dreams only assume their importance when called to mind by the "something" which has "just happened." Mr. Rumbold's dreams were like that : particularly his visions of horse races.

Mr. Rumbold's friends will never forget the Derby Day of some years back, when he put down his evening paper with an oath and whistled.

"I knew that was going to happen !" he said, "I dreamed it exactly. I remember the colours exactly—and there were two false starts ! I saw the whole thing ! Good Lord !"

"Did you back it ?"

"No," said Mr. Rumbold with a shake of his head, "I clean forgot. It was so long ago. I forgot all about it. But, if you remember, I told you I had dreamed about a horse race. You remember, don't you ?"

And his friends nodded polite agreement. He had said something about *a* horse race. That was just it. There are thousands of horse races. There are, unfortunately, many train accidents and mine disasters, too. Mr. Rumbold dreamed of all these things from time to time—and the event always confirmed the dream.

But there was nothing of the ordinary about this to Mr. Rumbold. He *knew*. And if only he could understand his dreams, if only he could recapture the whole picture, he *knew* that he would have some very definite and, perhaps, important messages for the world. And at last it had happened : something so trivial that no one would accuse him of romancing about it, and at the same time so very definite that he would have to be believed—*if it happened*. He went over the whole scene again.

He was in a wood. A very real wood. The trees were fresh and still in the morning sunshine, and the grass was damp with the dew of spring. The path that led through the trees was lined with green bushes and tall grass, and a ditch ran along one side of it.

There were birds in the wood. Although he could not remember seeing any he did distinctly remember hearing them : pigeons and blackbirds, and the noise of a frightened pheasant screaming and crashing its way through the twigs. Then, quite suddenly and without surprise, he had come upon the strange thing. A booted leg sticking out from behind a bush !

He had not looked behind the bush, but that did not matter. He knew there was a dead man there. He was still staring at the little broken log on the path, the formation of three muddy puddles, the rounded shape of the blackthorn bush, when the dream had ended.

And, *most important of all*, he knew now exactly where it had happened. He recognised the wood, the path, and everything. It was not half a mile from where he sat at that moment !

Mr. Rumbold never acted hastily although he prided himself that he was a man of quick decisions. Most people, in similar circumstances, would have gone straight to the place and, had they discovered anything, mentioned the dream afterwards. Not so Mr. Rumbold. He would have to have proof. If he was ever to be believed he must make certain in advance. Very seriously and deliberately he hunted for pencil and paper.

"Brown boots. Rounded blackthorn bush. Path through Longshank Copse. 7 a.m."

Proof enough ! He would leave the curt details on his table and go straight on to the station after leaving the wood. He would then merely have to say, "All right, if you don't believe me come home with me to-night and see for yourself !"

Poor Mr. Rumbold ! In common with nearly everybody else he never thought to analyse the cause of dreams. It never occurred to him to think that he had dreamed of the wood because it was so familiar to him. He never realised that he had passed that blackthorn bush a hundred times in the past year and, though unnoticed, it was indelibly photographed by his brain.

Greatly excited, he shaved, dressed, breakfasted and set out. It was a glorious spring morning and, as he neared the wood, he was thrilled to recall the exact stillness and air of mystery of his dream.

As he climbed over the style he noticed a yellow flower at the edge of the path, and he started violently. He remembered it then. Another detail ! Why hadn't he mentioned it. What a fool, he had been to be content with such a short sentence. After all, it was the insignificant things that would count. Anyone, people would argue, could imagine a few glaring points. He was of half a mind to turn back, but he changed his mind and went on. If he went back he would miss his train.

But at almost every step he saw something fresh which he recognised perfectly from his dream. A bunch of pigeon's feathers—a fox's meal ! A piece of rag hanging from a branch. A large mossy stone. Excitement seized him.

A pheasant rattled from a nearby thicket and went crashing off behind him. A startled blackbird chattered violently, disturbing the early morning peace. It was too much for Mr. Rumbold. He stopped and pulled out his notebook.

"I distinctly recall the birds," he wrote, "the blackbird and the pheasant. And the pigeons. They were most vivid items. And the pigeon's feathers and the rag." He looked at his watch and added, "8.15 a.m."

And the pigeons cooed softly from their hidden perches as he walked on : cooed as they had cooed since the woods came into being. Then Mr. Rumbold stopped again. Ahead of him, scarce a hundred yards round the bends of the winding path, lay the vital spot. He tried to tell himself that he was a fool : that there would be nothing. And yet he was certain that he would find it. He must. Everything so far had been so exact. He took a deep breath and walked on. He turned the last corner.

Nothing ! Though still twenty-five yards from the place he could see there was nothing. It was from where he stood that he had seen the boot so clearly. But there was no boot. He laughed foolishly. Of course there was nothing. He had been silly to think that there would be.

However, it was just possible—it might be *behind* the bush. He moved slowly forward. He did not realise it, but he was on tip-toe. His heart was thumping with a strange excitement.

The bright green grass rose from the edge of the ditch and met the lower branches of the bush. From the green depths came the trickle of running water—absolutely as he had dreamed it. He parted the blackthorn, resting his arm against a limb, and peered down into the thick grass. Then, as he bent farther forward to see behind the bush, he became aware of a horrible detail which he had dreamed, and which he had only just remembered. The boots ! There was a large hole in the sole of that boot. Balancing on the edge of the slippery bank, he lifted one foot to make sure.

No one ever understood how it had happened. Mr. Perkins, the grocer, who found the body said it gave him a dreadful shake-up.

"Terrible to-do," he said that night at the village inn, "Quiet as you like, it was : only the birds to be heard. Dew still on the grass. And there I sees it, sticking out from behind the bush—a brown boot with an 'ole in it.

"I don't see how he could have slipped and not got up again. No, he couldn't. But there was the water over his head. Drowned he was."

"Suicide while of unsound mind," said the coroner, after hearing all the evidence. "The deceased was obviously worried by dreams. The note which he left speaks plainly of his intention."

"Poor old Rumbold," said his friends, "I'll bet he never dreamed *that* was going to happen."

"I use Pepsodent tooth paste – do you?"

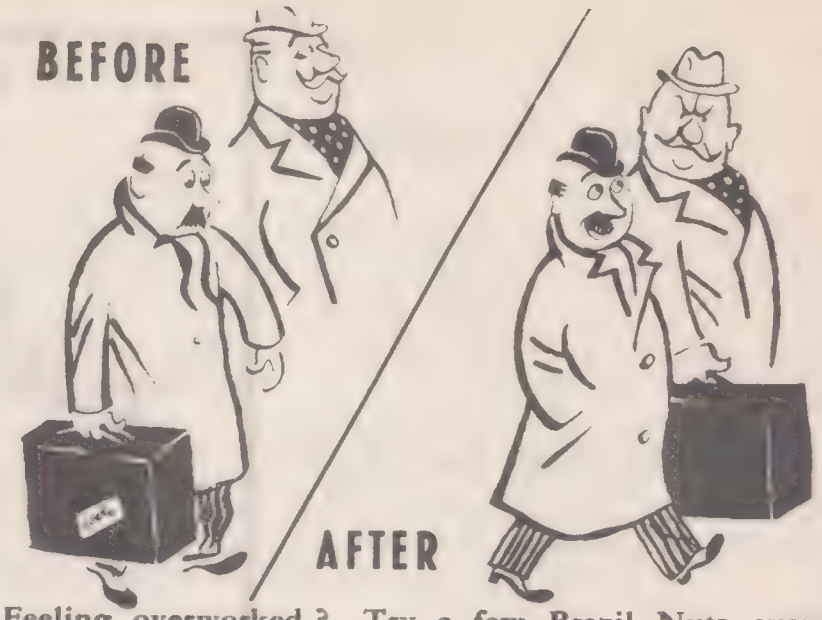
Every day—twice a day, I use PEPSODENT—the creamy soft tooth paste that keeps my teeth white and sparkling.

My dentist told me that even naturally white teeth soon become dull with Film if it is not removed regularly. Film is always forming, it absorbs stains which spoil good-looking teeth. Now I remove Film that's all I need worry about. I know my teeth are safe.

I use Pepsodent which is specially made to remove Film—and *keep* my teeth white. Do you?

PEPSODENT *the special film-removing* **TOOTH PASTE**

ONE SHILLING A TUBE



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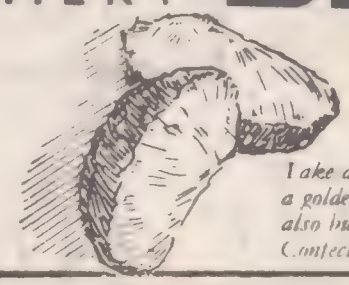

Take a crack at these new season's Brazil Nuts: a golden opportunity for wise cracking. You can also buy them shelled or in delicious Brazil Nut Confectionery.

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1½ glasses of fresh, full-cream milk go into every lb. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate.

20 MILLION GALLONS EVERY YEAR!

In making their milk chocolate, Cadbury's use 160 million pints (20 million gallons of milk every year. This is as much milk as is drunk in a year by the whole City of Birmingham with its population of over 1,000,000. Cadburys are generous with milk. They use a glass and a half in every ½-lb. block. And every drop of this milk is fresh, full-cream milk—*British* milk supplied daily by 1,600 British farms.

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE • You can taste the cream!

Children invariably find something to laugh at on the screen—but their parents are not so easily amused. It depends on where they were born.

How *they go to the* Pictures

Indoor cinemas the world over are much alike—but this is an outdoor one in Persia. The seats are piles of sandbags.

by Dr. Leopold Thoma

THERE is something more interesting than the most interesting of films—the people who go to see them.

British, Germans, Italians, Japanese—they all behave differently at the cinema. I have many times watched on the faces of my neighbours a reflection, as it were, of the film on the screen, its joys and sorrows, excitement and horrors. And the reflections vary across each frontier.

In Vienna, my home town (where I serve the Court of Justice as telepathy expert), people are attracted by moving, tragic films, though generally speaking the Viennese is of a gay disposition; perhaps it is just because he is so jovial in real life. In no cinemas the world over have I seen and heard so much sobbing as in Vienna. For the "golden Viennese heart" a happy end is absolutely essential. And in Vienna, more than in any other city, the cinema is a favourite haunt of lovers. (In the times of the silent film they showed slides "Warning! in one minute the lights will go on!") Always the closely entwined couples, oblivious to all except the blissful similarity of their state to that of the screen lovers, react suddenly to the flash of the torch of the chocolate and sweet attendant.

For ten years, too, I have been able to watch the German cinemagoer. He is more serious and more thorough than the Viennese. The minutest error in direction, dress or period will arouse an indignant stir throughout the audience. The German's expression at the pictures is unbelievably serious. He prefers a psychological film.

And he likes the continuity of the film to be plausible. The American, for instance, is different in this respect; if the story is suddenly interrupted by a trivial incident, he is not jarred.

A German film company who recently made a successful murder film, tried an experiment in which I participated. At the end of the first performance the audience was asked to state on cards its opinion of the film story and whether it approved of the ending (the detective had married the widow of the murdered man).

If the popular vote disapproved of the ending, the card stated, the film company would construct a different finish to the film, which, at present, was a happy one. The answer proved that the ending was not generally approved—evidently people felt that the happy outcome was too obviously of film fabrication and not true to life.

SO the sceptical German filmgoer does prefer the most logical and natural finish of a story.

As another of my experiments I showed in a short film, made by myself, the process of stealing a fur in a café. Before the film was shown, I asked the audience to watch carefully and mark the criminal, in order to be able to recognise him afterwards, when his photograph would be shown.

And afterwards I showed photographs of twelve people present in the café at the time of the theft. Not one of the audience identified the thief. Why?

I made use of the simple trick of showing the artist who played the role of the thief, when he appeared for the second time, minus his moustache, but wearing glasses and this simple disguise baffled everybody.

Thus it seems that the picturegoer who eagerly laps up film detective stories, is well-nigh helpless when his own mental alertness is tested.

The "temperament" of the Italian people, which they show in the theatre, they also show as picturegoers. A good film will also be received with loud applause, but—if the actors are not good, nowhere do people stamp with their feet to show disapprobation as they do in Italy.

Once I visited a cinema in Turin where a silent film was being shown. A murder was being enacted when suddenly a man in the audience began to laugh. He would not stop laughing and the audience got very annoyed. The manager was summoned and the man explained why he laughed at tragedy. He was deaf and dumb and he read "lip language." As the actor killed his victim, he was making jokes which the deaf and dumb man could understand!

The Frenchman is an enthusiastic picturegoer. He prefers romantic and love films. He likes American films because of their sentimental tone, which suits his temperament. He likes also comic films and still regrets the passing of Max Linder, for since that time he has had to depend on imported films.

Although Europeans take the cinema as a matter of course, to the Chinese it is still a miracle and they sit quiet and motionless. They prefer American films for a special reason. In China the women are only just gaining freedom. They get their men to take them to the cinema where they can study the freedom, independence and grace of American women, who are their ideal in behaviour, dress and culture.

The Japanese like long programmes. The women take their babies and spend hour after hour in the cinema.

The most intellectual and well-informed cinema audience I ever found was in the Argentine, at Buenos Aires. I was present at the showing of a film made in Vienna with Viennese actors. This was billed as "American," probably to make a better impression, but the audience, who filled the cinema as early as 9.30 a.m., recognised the misrepresentation immediately and whistled, stamped and shouted, so that the show had to stop and money be returned.

IN the Argentine I made another experiment while giving psychological lectures in a big cinema. While I was speaking, a previously-arranged disturbance began in the audience. (I stopped my lecture, feigned to be irritable and annoyed while inquiring of the audience what had happened. A woman's voice, that of an actress whom I had myself engaged), retorted "Doctor, I am in great distress—my gold wrist watch has just been stolen."

Suggesting that she might have dropped it, I ordered the auditorium lights to be put on, so that she could look for it. The rest of the audience I asked to remain in their seats.

The woman got up and pretended to look for the watch and after a few moments (as I had arranged), a poorly-dressed man got up from the next door seat and proceeded slowly and surreptitiously towards the exit.

And the audience, in one accord, jumped up and shouted that here was the thief.

I asked them how they knew—had they seen the theft taking place? Could they prove it in a court of justice that here was the culprit?

People shouted "Yes!"

"Ladies and Gentleman," I retorted, "that is all I want to know. This incident was merely a test. Nothing has been stolen and the woman and the man were people engaged for the purpose."

"Because the man was shabby, tried to go at an unfortunate moment, and 'appeared' guilty, you immediately condemned."

"My purpose in this experiment was to induce people to beware of judging too hastily."

In every country, both in Europe and America, where I tried this experiment, the results were the same.

In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, there are three open-air cinemas. They have only a few rows of seats, and most of the people have to stand. You find a very curious mixture of people when darkness comes and it is time for the show to begin.

Fashionably dressed people mingle with the artisans and street workers. Instructional films on health matters are shown together with short comic films, and the people are unconsciously educated. It is a real university in the streets.

The show is free—paid for by advertising "shorts."

Compared with others, British filmgoers, I notice, have a relaxed, smug expression and a ready smile. They are by no means as cold and undemonstrative as Continentals generally suppose.

Indeed, the most enthusiastic applause I have ever heard came from a London audience. A Grace Moore film drew such long and sincere clapping that I found it hard to realise the actress herself was not there to bow in recognition.

DEATH DIVE

"HULLO! Back again!"

There was nothing cheery in the greeting thrown at the woman as he let herself into the caravan where Jack Headinglea, boss of The Flying Trio, sat at the narrow table, a book between his elbows.

It was her fourth visit that week. "Damned intrusions," Headinglea had called them, but Sonia Marsh cared little about that. She cared only for what Fred Marley, his partner, felt about her.

All the same, it needed an effort to crush back the fierce hostility his tone and attitude roused, and say, with a measure of calm, "Where's Fred?"

She took the seat opposite Headinglea, pulled her hat off with a sweep of her hand, and flung it on to the table.

"Out," he replied curtly.

"You're telling me," she said. "But where, and when is he coming back?"

"As far as I know, he's shopping, and again as far as I know, he'll be back in time for the show; how soon before, I don't know."

"And maybe don't want to," she snapped.

"May be," he repeated as he closed the book and stood up to replace it on the little shelf he facetiously called The Library.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking," she cried. "I'm just an infernal pest, and you wish to God I'd keep out of here. But I can't. I've got to see him—*got* to."

She wrenched off her shabby gloves and flung them after her hat.

Headinglea heaved an exaggerated sigh, opened his mouth as if to speak, then shut it firmly, without a word.

"You don't understand; you can't," she cried piteously. "I'm on the rocks; have been ever since our act was smashed. And he's the only one I can turn to; the only one I have a right to turn to."

"Sonia." He sat down again, folded his arms on the table, and looked steadily at her. "I don't want to be cruel, or crueler than I can help, but I'm bound to say you are acting like a fool. Your business with Fred is none of mine, but after what has happened you should know as well as anybody that the less you two see of each other the better. And Fred thinks so, too."

"So Fred thinks that, does he!" Her eyes half closed and her lips trembled. "He thinks . . . But what do *you* think?"

"All right. If you must have my opinion it's just this. Because Fred made love to you once that doesn't tie him to your skirts all his life. If he'd married you it would be different. And if you hadn't let yourself go potty after your husband's death you would still be running your own act instead of pestering Fred and doing your damnedest to bust ours."

"We're living and learning, Mr. Headinglea; living and learning!" Her voice rose to near a shriek. "Now you listen to me, and you can learn a bit."

"Oh, cut out the hysterics, for heaven's sake. Half the fair ground can hear you." His sharpness checked her, but the rapid rise and fall of her breast warned him she was on the verge of losing control. "I only know what Fred has told me," he added. "If it's wrong, that's his business; none of mine. My only interest in his affairs is our act. If anything happens to smash his nerves it's ruined. And worse, it may be the death of Marcia or me."

He stopped suddenly as Sonia's shrill laughter broke into his words; a humourless, horrible laugh. "May be the death . . ."

"What's the matter with you, woman? Going mad? Damn it, you've been a trapese artiste yourself; you ought to know the risk. He's got to be in the pink, for everybody's sake. Suppose he cracks up on the high dive, with Marcia on the end of the rope! What will happen then? You ought to know; your own husband was killed that way."

"So Fred's blabbed that too, has he?" Her entwined fingers were gripped so tightly that her hands and arms shook. "Tell me, when did he first mention my name? Not before I turned up four days ago, I'll bet. Did he tell you he deserted me after the accident, two years ago, and that he has been dodging me ever since? Did he tell you——"

"Ask him yourself," Headinglea snapped. "Here he is. Your friend is here again," he said, addressing the man standing at the open door. He got up, reached for his hat, jammed it on, and edged past his partner. "See you in half an hour," adding, with a shake of his head towards Sonia, "and for God's sake get rid of her. If you don't, there's going to be trouble."

Fred Marley looked from one to the other, nodded dismally, then stepped inside and closed the door. Through it came the sounds of preparation for the evening performance, but neither the man nor the woman heard them.

It was the last night of Shute's Circus at Sandlethorpe, and the earliest arrivals were already trooping across the fair ground with excited chattering towards the large marquee, where, according to the modest proprietor, "sixty of the world's greatest circus artistes vied with each other in packing three hours with deeds of daring—on horseback and in the air—with screaming comedy and superb artistry."

Quite unmistakably it was the supple grace, the physical perfection, and superlative daring of The Flying Trio which Sandlethorpe and all the countryside about decided was the sensation of the show. When they came to the grand finale of their act, and the girl plunged headlong to earth from the topmost heights of the great marquee, Sandlethorpe held its breath, then gasped relief when it was over.

She literally whirled downwards, suspended by her ankles only, an intricate chain of knots in the rope unravelling as her slender body pulled them in flight. But always the last knot held fast; the knot about the wrists of her partners, the small shapes in the distant heights, swinging head downwards from silver-shining bars. And there she would swing, held by her male partners, after her head had escaped by inches—or so it seemed—from colliding with the hard earth.

The hatless, fierce-eyed woman now standing alone with Fred Marley in the caravan within earshot of the marquee had often taken that daring plunge when she and Marley, with her husband, had toured a similar act. She did it regularly until that night when her husband took her place because she was feeling giddy.

Marley saw it all over again, vividly, as he stood by the door, waiting for her to break the silence. In spite of his muscular physique, he was drooping at the shoulders with the limpness of a tired man, and his face, which made up handsomely enough for the spot-glare of the ring, now looked drawn and grey.

Sonia crossed the uneven floor to him and, taking his hands in her's, led him back to the table. "Sit down," she said. "I will, too. We can talk better that way." She spoke quietly; even with a trace of gentleness belying the intensity of her eyes.

"But there is nothing we can talk about, Sonia; nothing, that is, useful, or—or, pleasant," he muttered weakly.

"Oh yes there is, my dear."

"You're not going to ask me to get you in the act, not again. I tell you it's impossible."

"If it is, it is because you've been talking to Headinglea. That's going to make it more difficult. I know that because when he told me what he knew I went off the deep end; I blew up—said all sorts of things. And if you hadn't come in when you did, God know's how far my tongue would have run away with me."

"I suppose you told him I deserted you?"

In a flash she was in the ring racing towards the spot left clear for the dive.

"Forget it," she said. "I hardly know what I did say. I only know that in spite of everything I still love you. Can't you realise that? I love you."

Marley recalled involuntarily how he had thrilled to the confession two years ago. But then he had pride of conquest; he had beaten Jack Marsh in the great love game. Marsh never knew, but what did that matter; he couldn't hold the love of his beautiful wife when he, the fascinating Fred Marley, got to work. It was a delicious triumph. Not

A Complete Story by

Frank D. Long

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

until Jack Marsh had died because that triumph was so utterly complete did Marley see it as a stupendous folly.

The ghost of the man he had beaten so easily haunted him by day and laughed and jeered at him in his dreams, turning every night into a nightmare. He had to—there was nothing else for it—he had to escape from Sonia. And now, here she was, back again, still telling him she loved him.

"Come off the love stuff!" He uttered it with a sudden savagery of self-pity and fear. "We can't talk of love, you—and me. Nor can we talk of you joining the act. Headinglea wouldn't have you, and I—I . . ."

"Well? You, what?"

"Well, you . . . I mean, I don't want you in it. It would end in the death of one of us for certain, perhaps both."

"Can't we work up another act—together—in some other show?"

He was quick enough to note the absence of anything like appeal in her tone, and for a moment he thought of compromise; anything for a little more time to think round this problem. Perhaps after to-night's show he might be able to vanish—for good this time. But he found himself muttering, "No; never act together—can't face it—don't want to be together at all." Then, with an exclamation, he jumped to his feet. "If you don't get out of here I'll do something desperate; I know I shall."

"Coward!" The word rang through the caravan. "*You*, you do something desperate. Don't make me laugh," she sneered.

Her eyes were ablaze now with unmistakable hate and, big enough and strong enough to throw her a dozen yards though he might be, he quailed before her fierce domination.

"Can't you be reasonable, and see facts as they are?" he jerked out.

"Here are the facts, Fred Marley. I sacrificed my husband to you and then—what did you do? Slunk off and left me—left me to starve for all you cared. I spend two years hunting for you, tramping from fair ground to fair ground; often sleeping out because I've got no money for shelter;starving,freezing, soaked, and always alone. And why? because the man who murdered my husband because he was supposed to love me—supposed, bah!—couldn't stand the sight of my face."

"Shut up!" His throat was too dry to articulate more.

"I won't shut up. For me, the woman you hate, you'll do to Marcia what you did to Jack Marsh. I don't care whether I get her job or not. I'll chance that. And then——"

Crashing across the fair ground came the rallying tune of the circus orchestra. Marley should have been in line for the opening parade. His absence would be noted; questions asked.

"I've got to scamp," he blurted out, heading for the door.

"Not yet." Swiftly she had placed herself between him and the door. "You'll do what I say or we'll both choke. Get me?" drawing a finger across her throat. "Look out for me when you're up aloft. You'll see me standing next to a bobby. I shall tell him everything—*everything*—if you let me down to-night. It's your last chance. Now go."

She stood aside, swinging the door open, and with a leap he cleared the steps, racing pell-mell towards the marquee.

"You're looking a pretty sticky mess," remarked Headinglea as he and Marley stood together behind the curtains leading to the ring. "That damned woman again. Why can't you chuck her out, neck and crop, call in the police, or something."

"Funny you should drag in the police," said Marley. "That's exactly what she's talking of doing." His face creased into a mirthless grin.

"The devil she is!" ejaculated Headinglea. "That's a new line. Here"—suddenly gripping Marley by the shoulders—"have you kept something back? Did you marry her?"

Marley shook himself free. "Don't be a fool," he spat irritably. "Look out, here's Marcia." With an effort he pulled himself together, and a moment later, to the strains of a stirring march, the three stepped from the gloom into the glare of the circus arc lamps.

They moved with a springing, easy grace once round the ring, then with a bound, separated, each leaping with poetic rhythm to the silver bars suspended between long ropes.

Not a word passed between them as they swept on through their repertoire, trick after trick in endless variety, each done so surely, so easily, with such perfect timing. The audience was thrilled to breathless silence, unaware as the minutes went by that to keep the whirling trio in view heads had to go back and chins up.

At last there was a pause; The Flying Trio were swinging gently on the trapese so near to the top of the marquee that their heads almost brushed the canvas. The two men were hauling up coils of knotted rope, while the girl swung smilingly between them. It was she who had to make the headlong dive with the ropes looped round her ankles—the death-defying dive.

"How goes it?" Headinglea called across Marcia to Marley. "Still fit?"

Marley didn't answer. He scarcely heard. While hauling up the rope he had used the breather to scan the audience down in that expansive well. He had seen one woman, and one woman only, with her gaze fixed on him. All others had eyes only for Marcia.

Far away as she was, he recognised her. The policeman at her side would have been enough even though her features were indistinct. Sonia. "She meant it! By God, she meant it!" If he didn't risk murdering the smiling girl at his side, Sonia meant to send him to the gallows.

"I said, how goes it?" repeated Headinglea. Then, "Damn it, Fred, you're shaking. Pull yourself together, you fool. D'you want to kill Marcia!"

The smile left the girl's face. She looked from one to the other. "What's the matter? Are you ill, Fred?"

"I'm all right, Marcia."

"You don't look it," she said. "You're looking green."

Down below, the kettle-drummer had started his quick-firing raps; they were soft at first. He would increase the volume until they reached crescendo. That would be as the girl started her headlong flight.

"Curse the woman," muttered Headinglea.

"Which woman—me?" exclaimed Marcia.

"No. The one down there." It was Marley who supplied the answer. He was breathing hard, and a wild light had come into his eyes.

Marcia looked down to the audience, and suddenly she realised their waiting expectancy. "Hadn't we better get on with it?" she said quietly.

"You bet we will." The sweat stood out on Marley's forehead. "I'll show her. Come on; we're changing places. I'm taking this damned dive."

Marcia had to tighten her grip on the ropes. The frantic Marley was already swinging on them. "You fool," she gasped.

"Better go," warned Headinglea. "Blast him; it's his own funeral."

Down by the central gangway Sonia watched; uncomprehending, cold, indifferent. She couldn't guess the drama, and didn't feel like trying. She would see him for the last time this evening, then vanish. After all she could not bring herself to. . . . She shivered involuntarily. And she would be a fool to throw her life away . . . for what? Back in the caravan she was ready for anything. Now . . .

"Something happening up there, Miss?"

She wheeled round; behind her stood a policeman. Her hands flew to her mouth; with a gasp of dismay she swung round again to stare up at the swaying figures high in the roof of the marquee.

"Oh, God! He thinks I brought him here." Then her skilled, professional eyes caught a detail not to be seen by the crowd, now murmuring wonderingly. Marley had put a slipping loop on one ankle. He was getting ready to make it a death-dive in reality.

"Fred!" It was a cry of terror that rang high and shrill above the murmuring. In a flash she was in the ring, racing towards the spot left clear for the dive. "Fred—don't—don't do it! I didn't bring him," she screamed, flinging her arms imploringly to the man already bending towards her.

Whether he fell or deliberately flung himself at the beseeching woman crying up to him from the centre of the ring was never known. Attendants who dashed into the arena to drag her away stopped dead in their tracks, suddenly paralysed by horror.

She could have flung herself out of his way as he crashed down. She stood fast, her imploring arms still upstretched to him. And it was into her arms he fell, taking her with him—to the end of his dive.

"When I got to them," the policeman told the coroner, "I heard the woman say—and I could only just hear, it was so hard for her to speak—'Oh, you fool, but I loved you.' From which I deducted there had been something between them in the past, sir."

Diagnosis and healing of diseases by radio is bringing about a medical revolution. Here is a patient undergoing treatment by short waves.

MEDICINE RAY *Marvels*

The brain is treated far more effectively by radio.

by Vincent Brome

ONE bright, January evening some years ago, in a small German town, a short, thickset man sat peering at the gleaming wires and pallid retorts of his new transmitter. Behind the spectacles, his eyes were alight with excitement. Odd sensations and a feeling of heat spread in his body. Precisely what he expected. . . .

The next day he tried again. Those symptoms persisted. Jubilant, he set to work. . . .

In the heart of America, some years ago, Abraham's box sprang to sudden fame. Squat, black and rather wicked looking, this box was credited with striking powers. Attached to any patient it registered, by vibration, the condition of his body, and indicated broadly what complaint might cause that condition. Since the box was carefully sealed and no one knew precisely how it operated, Abraham's marvellous invention was naturally held suspect . . .

From those two incidents, one in Germany, and one in America, a power which may revolutionise the medical world, was destined to merge. Now the ultra-short-wave diathermy and therapy experts have developed those first crude ideas into an elaborate science. Already its medical possibilities are proved beyond question.

Employing an ultra-short wave high frequency transmitter, with a wavelength of two and a half metres, giving out 120,000,000 oscillations per second, the experts discovered that germs absorb these electrical currents at certain measurable frequencies. It was obvious from this that every germ, or germ group, actually had a definite wavelength.

In the same way, they found that each person in normal, healthy condition, had a corresponding wavelength. When a person became ill, his normal wavelength changed to that of the particular germ with which he was infected.

These discoveries opened up amazing possibilities. Experts are now busy determining the precise wavelengths of the more common germs. These will then be recorded on a small chart attached to a high-frequency transmitter, in the same way as different stations are plotted on a normal wireless set.

With such an instrument in his surgery, without asking a single question, the doctor could quickly discover what was wrong with his patient. He would merely connect the transmitter and adjust the indicator on the germ scale until he found the patient's wavelength.

Should this correspond to the wave-length of a certain germ, or should it approximate to the wave length of a group of germs, the doctor would know precisely what questions he should next ask, and would have an excellent idea of the type of treatment necessary.

Already a trial instrument of this kind has been constructed with considerable success. Once perfected, it will revolutionise medical diagnosis.

Another fascinating instrument now finding its way into the more advanced medical circles is the cathode-ray electro-cardiograph. By means of this, doctors can televise patient's heartbeats.

The stethoscope serves very well for diagnosing heart trouble, but there are certain murmurs which may imply a faulty organ, or may merely be peculiar to the patient. With the use of a stethoscope it is possible to discover whether these murmurs are important or not, but it takes a long time.

The introduction of the cathode-ray oscillograph will greatly simplify matters. A tall, oddly shaped cabinet, fitted with an intimidating array of wires, valves and dials, the cardiograph has a viewing piece somewhat similar to a pair of large binoculars. When first you peer into this you see a plain, frosted-glass screen.

Now connect the patient and switch on the current. A tiny bead of light begins to travel across the screen, leaving behind it a tracing of the wave-form of heart beats. Each fragment remains visible long enough for characteristics to be recognised, but if more prolonged study is necessary, a camera can be attached to the instrument.

These experiments are concerned with diagnosis. Recent experiments have now revealed other powers of wireless waves. They can cure disease and palliate pain.

Nothing more clearly demonstrates this than the wonderful ultra-short-wave diathermy. This machine is the result of years of experiment. It can be connected to any part of the patient and tuned in.

Instruments of this kind are being employed to combat a wide variety of diseases, from rheumatic arthritis, neuritis and lumbago, to bronchial asthma, sciatica and empyema.

A well-known doctor has explained the term diathermy thus :

"... means through-heating, which was introduced to describe the physical effect of passing an electric current of special kind through the body. This current generates heat along its path, so that, when it traverses the body, not only the skin, but the underlying parts are heated. The tissues are therefore heated throughout, and not merely on the surface. That is to say, diathermy is produced . . .

"By this method the heat is actually generated in the tissues along the path of the current, and not, as in other methods, conveyed to the body ready made from an external source. . . ."

The use of short-wave instruments in cases of general paralysis has sometimes brought about such a marked improvement in patients' mental condition that they have been able to resume work.

In the past, to raise a paralytic patient's temperature to the desired pitch, he was often infected with malarial germs. The ultra-short-wave diathermy avoids this. The mere turning of a knob raises or lowers the temperature of the patient to the required level.

Perhaps the greatest boon this instrument promises to bring mankind, is a suggested cure for the common cold. An instance was recently quoted of a doctor suffering from a most distressing head cold. He sneezed continuously and had almost lost his voice. Then came an important invitation to dinner. One glance at his red nose and streaming eyes, and the doctor decided he must refuse.

Almost simultaneously, a friend called to see him. This friend was by way of being a diathermic expert. Immediately he heard the doctor's predicament, he suggested trying the ultra-short-wave diathermy machine. Very sceptical, the doctor grudgingly consented. Pads were fixed to his head, and the tuning dial carefully manipulated. . . .

Just an hour later the doctor sat eating his dinner, discoursing merrily, quite free from the normal signs of a cold. There just remained his red nose. Diathermy cannot deal with these . . .

Another well-known diathermic expert has frequently cured his staff's colds in less than an hour by means of an ultra-short-wave set.

As a pain destroyer again, the short wave instrument ment has unique possibilities. A patient suffering from acute arthritis of the arm and shoulder was brought, one day, to a diathermic expert. Nearly mad from pain she had several times threatened to commit suicide. The pads were adjusted to her arm and shoulder, the correct wavelength found, and half an hour's treatment given. Gradually the pain vanished. Four hours later there had been no recurrence. The following morning the woman rang up her doctor and asked how much longer the anæsthetic would last.

It never gave out.

In many cases the results obtained have surprised even the diathermic experts themselves. They are only just beginning to realise the immense possibilities of their new instruments.

Yet another fascinating channel for research was brought to light by experiments with an instrument transmitting on 6 metres, and a mouse. Trapped in a box the mouse crouched nibbling a piece of cheese. The pads were then applied to either side of the box, and the instrument tuned. Without the slightest warning, the mouse suddenly collapsed.

When they took him from the box he was dead, and yet there were no outward signs to show why he had died. The mouse had not been electrocuted. Nor had any normal electrical process killed him. It was only by performing a post-mortem examination that they discovered the truth. The brain of the mouse had been shattered.

From this, several new facts were established. Now it is recognised that every organism has a natural frequency of its own, and if you apply sufficient current of the same frequency, that organism will be destroyed. Following which, experts went a step farther. If we can destroy organisms in this way, they said, why not germs?

They are working on that problem now. In the course of the next few years it is very probable that we shall be able to destroy disease germs deliberately by the mere application of an ultra-short-wave transmitter.

In modern surgery the diathermic needle has already proved of great value. A few days ago I watched fascinated while a sparking point of steel cut electrically into a piece of flesh and yet caused no blood to flow. The current automatically seals each cell as the needle passes through. Thus doctors are now able to perform bloodless operations.

In the same way a man or woman need no longer suffer ten or fourteen most unpleasant days to have his or her tonsils removed. Diathermy makes it possible for doctors to insert a short arm with a small bulb of metal at the end, and electrically disperse the tonsils without causing the slightest pain. Five or six treatments and your tonsils have vanished.

No absence from work, no hæmorrhage, no sensation of a ploughed field for a throat.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"Careful, stranger! That means 'fight' where I come from."
"Well, why don't you fight, then?"
"'Cause I ain't where I come from."

Hotel Manager: "I'm not saying they're not genuine—all I say is, there's three of the hotel's bath towels missing."

"Why haven't you sent off these circular letters?"
"I couldn't find any round envelopes."

"Made for the job, isn't it? I had to bring the lot in, as I hadn't a saw."

A MAN AND HIS SON

by A. C. BARRETT

" Oh, leave my dinner, ma. You know I can only play darts when the tide's out."

" Now we're here we might as well see the show, don't you think? "

"Come and be brushed, darling—look, Parker loves it."

"I had to do something, sir, his spelling's atrocious."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"I wanted a car and you bought me a diamond ring."
"My dear, did you ever hear of an imitation car?"
Frankfurter Illustrierte, Frankfurt.

"Can't you tell your mother to hop a bit farther?"
Stuiversblad, Amsterdam.

"It's a catfish to scare the mice."

"'Sall right, Bill—I've gotcha."
Sydney Bulletin.

The winner of the Six Days' Cycle Race on the seventh day.
Fliegende Blätter, Munich.

That wood is full of bold, bad men
"Young maiden—pray take care—"
Well, I can't find no bold, bad men—
I've searched just everywhere!

The Chef: "Just one thing before we put the banns up, baby. Can you cook?"

"And that, as far as I can remember, is all I had in the stolen handbag."

AMAZING ASTHMA DISCOVERY

BANISHES BRONCHIAL-ASTHMA AND HAY-ASTHMA FOR EVER

Mr. John Houben, who will gladly send free instant relief and offer of guaranteed freedom from Asthma to all sufferers who post form below or call on him at Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Recently, an Australian business man visited London and called on Mr. John Houben, the managing director of Messrs. Hamlyn & Houben, the well-known Manufacturing Chemists. In the course of conversation, he said that he was struck with the prevalence of Asthma in this country, and made the positive statement that if English people knew how easily Asthma may be permanently banished they would not be continually buying medicine to ward off Asthmatic attacks, but would end their Asthma at once.

Inquiry elicited the startling fact that he had in his possession a formula which had not only completely banished his own Asthma, but also that of every former Asthma sufferer to whom he had given it.

Because this gentleman has extensive interests in Australia and was anxious to return, at the same time being desirous of helping English Asthma sufferers to shake off the shackles of this distressing complaint, he entrusted to Mr. Houben the formula of his amazing discovery, so that a number of treatments might be sent to those of Mr. Houben's Catarrh patients who suffered also from Asthma, and the results were so astonishing that Mr. Houben decided to lose no time in making this remarkable treatment available to *every* sufferer.

Permanent Freedom From Asthma

Unlike many preparations which are designed to afford relief, but which cannot permanently banish Asthma, this three-fold discovery not only gives instant relief but builds up the resistance of the body, thus making for permanent freedom from this terrible scourge.

Asthma, according to modern research authorities, is not a disease in itself, but is simply a symptom of vasomotor instability. Actually, Asthma is a vasomotor neurosis, and to completely banish the complaint it is necessary to restore vasomotor balance.

Under the influence of this remarkable new three-fold discovery, the small bronchial tubes are relieved of their congestion . . . the sympathetic fibres constituting the vasomotor system readily respond to the absorption of nerve nutrients . . . the poisonous waste matter is expelled from the blood . . . the bodily resistance is increased . . . the natural functioning of every organ is restored, and the highly sensitive and extremely complicated vasomotor system is properly balanced.

Mr. Houben knows how sceptical the average Asthma sufferer must be. He has, therefore, decided on a means of convincing every interested person that the new three-fold discovery is entirely original and lastingly effective.

FREE INSTANT RELIEF and Guaranteed Freedom from Choking Spasms—Gasping for Breath—Wheeziness and all other Asthmatic Symptoms

NOW AVAILABLE TO ALL READERS OF THIS PAPER

Genuine Free Trial

He will send to every reader of this announcement who applies on the form at foot hereof :—

1. A **Free Trial** of the New Three-Fold discovery which will give **instant relief** even in the worst cases of Asthma. He will also send :
2. Full details of his undertaking to permanently banish the trouble without asking the sufferer to incur the slightest financial risk.

In making these offers, Mr. Houben is quite confident that you will be not only satisfied, but highly delighted with the substantial and lasting health benefits you will receive.

No More Asthma

The peace of mind brought about by freedom from the dread of Asthmatic attacks . . . the enjoyment of tranquil, untroubled sleep, will mean new life and happiness for you. No matter where you live or what your age or occupation may be, if you have suffered a lifetime, tried everything you could hear of without getting permanent benefit, even if you have been utterly discouraged, do not give up hope—but accept Mr. Houben's offer at once. Immediately you are free of Asthma, you will gain in health and vitality and you will feel better, brighter, and more optimistic with an entirely new outlook on life.

If you earnestly desire to say good-bye for ever to distressing and heart-weakening night attacks, wheezing and gasping for breath, interrupted sleep and suffering, you are strongly advised to write your name and address in the form below and post it to Mr. Houben. Don't allow past disappointments, discouragement, prejudice, or a lack of faith to prevent you from taking this first important step on the road to permanent freedom from Asthma. Send the form for free relief now.

FREE
INSTANT RELIEF For Asthma Sufferers

Mr. JOHN HOUBEN, Hamlyn & Houben, Ltd. Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me trial supply of your new Three-Fold Asthma Discovery and particulars of how to banish the trouble.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Passing Show, 14/3/36.

In any case SEAGERS GIN is best

THE SPIRIT OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1805

DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 130 YEARS

Rheumatism

banished!

No relief until he tried the daily dose of Kruschen Salts

This man had a violent attack of rheumatism. He tried all sorts of remedies and nothing did him any good. Finally, his brother-in-law told him to start Kruschen. He did. Now he says: 'The pain disappeared as though it had been massaged away.' Read his letter :—

'About two years ago I developed a violent attack of rheumatism. It was particularly painful when stooping over to write, etc. I tried all sorts of remedies, until one day my brother-in-law on hearing of my suffering exclaimed: 'There is only one thing to rid you of your rheumatism! That is —Kruschen Salts.' I decided to purchase a bottle, and took it in a glass of hot water every morning, immediately on rising. The pain gradually disappeared as though it had been massaged away, and has now gone entirely.'

Jan. 19th, 1936. J. G. B., Weston-super-Mare.

Kruschen will dissolve away those knife-edged crystals of uric acid which are the cause of all rheumatic trouble. It will also flush those dissolved crystals clean out of your system. Your inside will be so regular, so free from stagnating waste matter, that no such poisons as uric acid will ever get a chance to accumulate again.

Tasteless in Tea.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

FREE to EVERY READER

Professor Carne's personal message to every reader of "Passing Show," irrespective of age or sex, who is desirous of increasing height and effecting an all-round improvement in general physical condition is straight and to the point. He says: "I *know* that I can help you to grow taller, to improve your physique and to benefit your general health beyond anything you have thought possible. I have made good this promise in thousands of cases, and I will make it good in yours also. I hold a mass of unimpeachable evidence—signed and unsolicited reports—which would completely convince the most sceptical. The few specimens here published are sufficient to indicate the amazing success I have obtained. Fill in the coupon below and post to me. You will receive free the Six valuable Books by return of post. PERCIVAL CARNE.

Read these Striking Reports

Typical of Many Hundreds Received

2½ INCHES TALLER AND MUCH STRONGER

Miss R. D., Hereford, writes:—"Thank you very much for second lot of lessons. I have grown 2½ inches, and I am much stronger than I was."

3 INCHES TALLER—ALL-ROUND DEVELOPMENT. AGE 20 YEARS 6 MONTHS

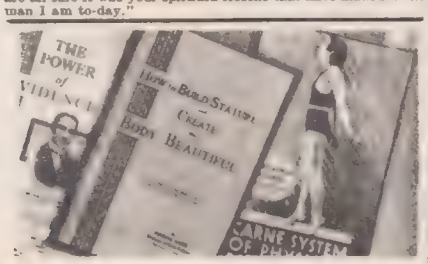
Mr. A. D. W., Wolsingham, Co. Durham, writes:—"I wish to thank you for the wonderful improvement I have gained in stature and girth of chest as well as all-round development, for since starting your course I have gained 3 inches in height and increased my chest measurement by 4 inches, and it is with much pleasure that I look forward for the receipt of your next set of exercises."

3½ INCHES TALLER—AGE 24 YEARS. LOOKS THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

Mr. J. L., Scarborough, writes:—"My height has increased by 3½ inches in all, and I am still keeping on with the exercises. I am now as sound as a bell and look the picture of health. Your course stands well above any other than I know, and it certainly does all you claim it to do."

NAVAL MAN'S TRIBUTE. OVER 6 FT 6 IN. TALL (AGED 21)

Mr. A. J., Herne Bay, writes, August 20, 1935:—"I am now a giant of over 6 ft. 6 in., and often tell my people how I do my Carne Exercises, which I possess to disk. I am eating more food than two men. I am the tallest man in the town to-day. I grew a lot during your course of exercises. I have a splendid photo of Percival Carne, which I often show to my friends, and they are all sure it was your splendid lessons that have made me the man I am to-day."



Send for Yours To-day on This Special Form.

To PERCIVAL CARNE, "ARLINGTON," RHIWBINA, CARDIFF, S.W.

I would like to know how to increase my height and improve my health and physique. Please send me your Free Books on the subject.

NAME .....
(Please state Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

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The Charming MISSES CHUANG

"ON the face of it, the expression, 'the never-changing East' has become an anachronism," remarked Martineau. "This is not China as I knew it fifteen years ago, the buildings and streets have changed completely. Even the atmosphere seems to have altered, and as for the people, look at those three girls over there. Who would imagine Chinese women—at least the class of women one would expect to find here—with short hair, Paris frocks and high-heeled shoes? There isn't a 'lily-foot' in the whole bunch and I wonder what their ancestors would think if they could see 'em drinking cocktails with 'foreign devils'?"

"My dear Martineau," laughed Coates, "you sound as if you had spent that fifteen years out of reach of all newspapers and libraries. I grant you that there is a change, as you say, on the face of it; but it's camouflage, only make-up deep; you wouldn't have to dig far below the surface to find the same old China of yesterday."

They were sitting on the terrace of Doctor Ho's house, guests at a reception given in honour of the doctor's seventieth birthday, watching the kaleidoscopic crowd filling every corner of the magnificent gardens below. There were Chinese, formal and dignified in robes of stiff black silk; others, slightly grotesque in western clothes; Manchus in the colourful silks of an almost forgotten empire; Europeans in white; Europeans in "store clothes" and a sprinkling of naval men from the warships in the roads. The few women present favoured the rue de la Paix and Bond Street rather than their traditional costumes.

"Those three girls," continued Coates, "are college friends of Ho's niece, Mariette. They are typical examples of what Western influence can do to young China; educated in an American college and polished off in London and Paris. I guarantee that with your eyes shut, you couldn't guess from their accents or speech what their nationality might be. You ought to meet them."

"Nothing I should like better," said Martineau. "They sound interesting."

A minute later he was being introduced to the Misses Chuang, three charming sisters, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-two.

"I needn't tell you who Francis Martineau is," said Coates. "A man of his financial magnitude doesn't require my services as publicity agent. He hasn't seen China for fifteen years and he finds it changed. Well, I'm going to leave it to you to show him how much it has changed."

"How thrilling!" said Rosie Chuang, the eldest. "Of course, we know all about you, Mr. Martineau, you've been a headliner for months. Will you believe it if I tell you that one of the principal reasons for our being here this afternoon was the hope of meeting you?"

"Very flattering, but I'm afraid that's not quite true," laughed Martineau.

"Perfectly true," Daisy, the second one, assured him. "Do you know we spent a whole hour this morning cruising round your wonderful yacht. She's like a young liner."

"Yes, and if we hadn't been scared of your fierce-looking quartermaster, we'd have sneaked on board," added the youngest, Lily.

Martineau said: "I wish you had. I would have been delighted to see you."

"What! At half past seven in the morning? I expect you were still asleep."

"I'd willingly turn out at any time to welcome you," he replied. "Promise me that the next time you come cruising round the *Pelican* you'll pay it a visit. Never mind my quartermaster, he doesn't bite. If you're scared of him, I'll have him muzzled. Come any morning at any hour you please. Come to breakfast, or better still, let's fix a date for lunch on board. I'm a bachelor, but you could get someone from Dr. Ho's household to escort you."

"Certainly, we'll come," said Rosie, "but without the escort. You see, Mr. Martineau, that is one instance of our changed ideas. The modern Chinese girl doesn't need a duenna; she goes unaccompanied where she pleases without losing caste."

"Emancipation," chimed in Lily. "All that nonsense about the fragility of a woman's reputation is a back number; we're jolly well able to take care of ourselves."

"You look it," he agreed. "Well, when shall it be? To-morrow? I shall be disappointed if you don't come as I'm sailing again in two days' time."

At twelve o'clock next day the Misses Chuang came alongside the *Pelican* in a smart little motor launch. They were alone and the skilful manner in which they brought their craft under the boarding steps elicited a grunt of approval from the quartermaster.

Martineau, delighted at the sight of the charming, beautifully gowned girls, led them to the awninged bridge deck where they sat over cocktails and cigarettes until a Javanese steward announced lunch.

During lunch his guests bombarded him with questions about the *Pelican* and showed a surprising knowledge of ships, navigation and engines. Even the technicalities of wireless were no mystery to them.

"What is her tonnage?" asked Daisy.

"Two thousand gross. She'd take me anywhere," was Martineau's proud reply.

"That means a fairly large personnel."

"Thirty-five, including engine-room staff," was the answer. "With the exception of my chief engineer and your bogey, the quartermaster, they are all Chinese, Malay and Javanese. My skipper is Chinese and a splendid navigator, and what my chief, a Scotsman, doesn't know about engines isn't really knowledge."

"Oil fuel, of course," remarked Rosie. "What's her speed?"

"She can do twenty knots without rattling a plate."

"And Marconi radius?"

"Unlimited."

On deck once more, Martineau pointed out the steel barred cage which protected the bridge and wireless room. "A necessary precaution," he said. "Unfortunately the pirate fraternity in these seas is as active as ever."

"I suppose so," nodded Rosie. "You carry arms, of course?"

For answer he threw open a door in the passage leading to the saloon showing racks of rifles and automatics.

"Ah, Lee Enfield shorts and colts," said Rosie. "May I?" She lifted a pistol from its rack and slipped out the magazine.

"I see you know how to handle them. You shoot?" he asked.

"A little, but Lily is the crack shot. Ten bulls in ten shots is her average."

"Thanks for the information," laughed Martineau. "Miss Lily, if ever you hold me up, I guess I won't argue."

"I hope not," smiled Lily. "It's such waste of time."

During tea, the girls allowed their host to do all the questioning. They told him about their father, a prince of Chinese commerce, who died when they were infants; about their mother surely the wisest mother in all Asia, who, untrammelled by Chinese customs and traditions, had sent them abroad to be educated. They told him about their life in an American college and their stay in London and Paris, and in the end the fascinated Martineau began to wonder if the freedom of bachelorhood was as desirable as he had imagined it to be.

After tea he said: "Now I am going to show you something else." He led them to his cabin where he slid back a panel in the bulkhead disclosing a safe from which he took tray after tray loaded with gems, diamonds, rubies and pearls, all unset. "My toys," he said, placing the trays on the table. "I've spent the last ten years collecting them. Some of these stones are unmatchable in the whole universe."

The girls examined them with exclamations of wonder. "Mr. Martineau, aren't you running a big risk, carrying these on a boat with a native crew?" asked Daisy.

"My dear," he answered. "If I couldn't trust my men they wouldn't be my men. Besides, this safe is burglar and dynamite proof and the lock combination is here," he tapped his forehead. "Now, there's

Martineau and the three girls sat over cocktails and cigarettes on the bridge deck until lunch was announced.

A COMPLETE STORY BY

Tanjong

Illustrated by Coller

just one little formality before I close the safe. I make a practice of giving all my lady guests a little souvenir of the *Pelican*." He took from the safe a steel box from which he selected three gold bangles set with a pelican in diamonds and presented one to each girl.

"Mr. Martineau," protested Rosie, "we can't accept presents like these."

"Why not? Plenty more in the box and plenty more when the box is empty. Mass production," he laughed.

"But they are too valuable."

"They are only valuable to me if you do me the honour of accepting them," he insisted.

The three Miss Chuangs accepted them. They also accepted an invitation to farewell cocktails on the following morning and went back to their launch, overwhelmed by their host's generosity.

Next day the *Pelican* weighed anchor and strained away with a rather disconsolate owner. The farewell cocktail party had not taken place, for at the eleventh hour he had received a message regretting that the Miss Chuangs had been called away to their mother, who was unwell.

That night, as the *Pelican* was steaming down the coast to Foochow, she was pulled up by a sudden and quite inexplicable breakdown in her engines. The chief engineer was frantic; he could neither understand nor explain the damage, he only realised that it was so serious that the boat would have to lay to until daylight.

They had hardly dropped anchor when the long grey shape of a big motor cruiser slid out of the darkness, and a voice hailed "*Pelican* ahoy!"

"What ship's that?" demanded the watch.

"Armed coastal patrol," came the answer. "You're lying in a dangerous position. Do you need help?"

There was a hurried consultation on the *Pelican's* deck and presently the quartermaster's voice replied: "We've had a temporary breakdown. Can you pilot us into safe anchorage?"

"We'll send a pilot aboard," said the cruiser. "Stand by to make fast." mooring lines hurtled through the darkness and were secured. There was a slight shock as the cruiser came alongside. A single figure came up the ladder and as the quartermaster and his watch turned to meet it; there was a sudden scurry and a score of armed men were on the deck.

The quartermaster and his men were overpowered before they realised what had happened, and the invaders, who were obviously working to a preconceived programme immediately split into three parties, each led by a slim, masked figure. One group dismantled the wireless room, a second, having imprisoned the officers in the bridge house, blocked all egress to the deck. The third party hurried below and secured the armoury.

Martineau's first intimation of the invasion was the sudden appearance in his cabin of a slight figure in breeches and tunic, armed with an automatic which pointed unwaveringly at his stomach.

"Mr. Martineau, stand up and put your hands above your head," came the command from behind the mask.

Martineau jumped at the sound of that voice, "Miss Lily!" he gasped.

"Please don't talk," was the response. "I want you to turn your back and hold up your hands. Don't argue, it's waste of time."

Martineau's memory flashed back to Rosie's words: "ten bulls in ten shots." He obeyed quickly.

Light fingers flickered over his person and the voice commanded: "Open your safe, please, the one behind the panel in the bulkhead."

Martineau slid back the panel: "You must let me get my keys," he said.

"The key is in your head," was the reply. "Please don't waste time."

"And suppose I refuse?"

"That would be most unfortunate—for you. Ah, that's better. Now empty those trays into this," a canvas bag fell on the table at his side. "And the souvenir bracelets in that box underneath. Thank you. I suppose the mass-production plant is not on board? Pity! Now your wallet and any other money you have here." A pile of notes went into the bag.

"But, Lily——" he began to protest.

"Don't talk rubbish," was the uncompromising answer. "March in front of me to the deck."

The deck of the *Pelican* presented a strange sight. At the foot of the bridge lay the quartermaster and six men, trussed like turkeys; a line of armed men extended from the saloon companion to the rail, passing from hand to hand sacks filled with valuables, pictures, arms and cases of wine which were loaded into the cruiser. At the head of the boarding ladder stood a group of three. They were masked, but neither masks nor male attire could disguise the sex of the wearers and the two slimmer forms seemed decidedly familiar to Martineau. The third figure was that of an elderly woman, stocky and broad-shouldered with a grimly humorous mouth under the vizor.

"This is the owner, Mr. Martineau, Mother," said his escort addressing the older woman. "I think I have got all there is in his cabin, but if you think he's hiding anything, I'll turn him over to you."

Between fear and exasperation Martineau lost his temper. "This is abominable," he cried. "You rob me and now you propose to torture me."

"Shut up!" barked the older woman.

"Do you think I haven't recognised you?" he persisted, "you bunch of thieving Chinese——"

The old woman interrupted him with a slap on the face which sent him to the deck. "You have no manners, Mr. Martineau, and no sense of gratitude."

"Gratitude!" he echoed, holding his bruised face. "Gratitude for what?"

"For our help," replied one of the girls. "I have just explained to your engineer what is wrong with his turbines. What shall we do with him, Mother?"

"Tie him up with the others," was the woman's reply.

The *Pelican* was towed to port two days later and Martineau went immediately to the Chinese authorities with his complaint. They listened to his story with polite incredulity and it was obvious from their expressions that they thought him either mad or drunk. Chinese ladies as pirates? Oh, no!

Furious he rushed away in search of Coates and at last found him at Doctor Ho's house. As he entered the terrace above the doctor's garden he saw, to his blank amazement, the three Miss Chuangs, beautifully dressed as usual, sipping tea at a table.

"Why, Mr. Martineau," the smiling Rosie greeted him. "What a delightful surprise to see you back already."

In his utter bewilderment all Martineau could say was: "How's your mother?"

"Quite recovered, thank you," replied Daisy. "She's not very strong, you know."

"Strong, by Gosh," he gasped. "She seemed pretty strong to me last time I met her."

"But when did you meet our mother?" asked Daisy.

"With you when you raided the *Pelican*," he declared.

The three girls looked at each other in mild astonishment.

"Surely you are mistaken, Mr. Martineau," said Rosie. "The last time we visited your yacht we were alone. A most delightful occasion when you so generously presented us with some valuable souvenirs."

She held up her wrist encircled with a gold bangle set with a pelican in diamonds.

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Four Thousand GIRLS' CLUBS *on* PARADE

TWO million women in Britain, amongst other things, are no longer to appear surplus to anyone least of all to themselves. Cinderellas are to have their chance.

In the past, man has generally left woman to stay at home and make the best of things; but women are no longer staying put; they have started out to help themselves—to new forms of health, happiness, and communal usefulness. However far away they live from recreational centres, they are not to be left without a chance or two for enlarging their outlook, finding friends, and serving their fellows.

The people who are doing the seeking and the finding call themselves the National Council of Girls' Clubs and with them march the Girls' Friendly Society, Girls' Life Brigade, Girls' Guildry, Y.W.C.A., and various other feminine companies.

Started before the war, the N.C.G.C. has been linking up the threads of local effort, spinning, like some great spider, one of the most astonishing webs of modern times.

Four thousand clubs have now joined forces within the web of the National Council of Girls' Clubs of Britain, forming one of the largest recreational organisations in the world. Education Authorities have been persuaded to co-operate and other Government bodies are becoming interested.

Members of the "Keep Slender" movement show their paces at a central rally

The facts dealing with these social centres, old and new, map out a sort of Domesday Book where feminine Britain is concerned.

Miss Rooff, N.C.G.C. survey organiser went on a club tour to find out all about them. The Carnegie Trust paid the expenses, and Whitaker has been rivalled, and old William the Conqueror put right out of the running by a woman.

Miss Rooff took her notebook round the country. She went north, south, east, and west, from the free-and-easy-to-see towns of the south to those grimier areas of the north where smuts can close the eye like a blow, and to those places where boys become lads and girls lassies. She can tell you what is happening everywhere and why girls have taken up the "keep-fit" slogan, putting knapsacks on their backs and making limbs supple with rhythmic exercises.

From South Wales to Scotland, clubs are springing up and many more are still needed—especially in new housing estates. A very little encouragement is all that is necessary to make them grow. A hall and a piano soon start the ball rolling, if there are plenty of voluntary helpers at hand. Here is an opportunity for those with spare time and services to offer!

"We have no wish to turn out robot people," Miss Rooff told me. "Everyone enjoys following the bent they like best, and so all can be happy."

With the help of the National Council of Social Service, the girls' club movement has launched a "keep-fit" movement on a grandiose scale.

Walk in, take a seat for a minute and watch what happens for yourself.

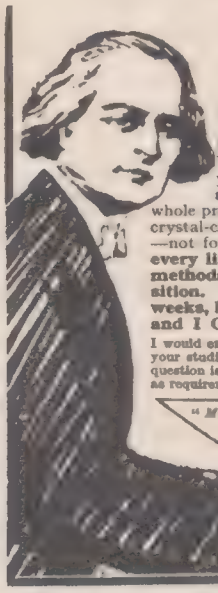
Twenty or thirty enthusiasts arrive in the late afternoon at headquarters. They take off their hats and don tunics and smiles. This is a meeting in which all start level—even if it is lying on the floor. Somebody begins to wake up the piano from its dusty unemployment dreams; after the first greetings, members get down to it in every sense, doing special exercises with the minimum of worry and the maximum of interest and free movement. Down on the floor and up again—one, two, three, kick. Then the cradle rock, the slimming roll, and many another whose names you can invent for yourself.

A well-turned somersault is more satisfying than scandal, not a doubt about it if it is a good one; housewives are not often allowed the luxury of kicking on their backs or following the graceful movements of out-door ballet.

Instructors believe in saying it with music. Experience has proved that suitable music has beneficial influence on proceedings and they are supervised with care, appropriate tunes accompanying many of the exercises. As at the films, music is one of the chief stars.

After exercises and body looseners, you, Mrs. Henry and Mrs. George, and the others, have a cup of tea. Perhaps refreshment is a half-time affair or the hall may be too small for tables and chairs. No matter. The performers are happy enough; their toes are tingling as they step on their own accelerators. They are ready to take up the game of life with an increased stimulus, not to mention slimness.

A pianist prepares for the impromptu



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by V. H. BARLOW

"The most important thing that is happening in our times. Members of the feminine sex are learning to be friends with one another."

part of the programme, while the instructress discusses the mysteries of poise, carriage and balance. "To learn how to walk is just as important as to learn how to talk," she says; "people who carry themselves well soon stand out from others."

You can take it or leave it as you like. "Care to come round again?" a newcomer is asked. "Shouldn't I be too old?" she deliberates aloud, for her hair is more white than black.

"Too old your grandmother!" Mrs. Henry exclaims. "It's never too late, my dear. Why, we're all girls together here; whoever heard of rules for age?"

"But I may not have the time to come again." The newcomer voices another doubt that assails many members at some time or other.

Mrs. Henry deals with her again. "Everyone has time—you and me and the lot of us—what with all these new cooking stoves and things and all these electrical gadgets to save poor women from working their fingers to the bone. And as for the young ones—they turn up here in the evening, after we've gone—they haven't got cooking and things to worry about."

That is a picture of one out of many different gatherings of working women in their clubs. Now look at Lancashire.

Lancashire lassies easily win the musical contests where clubs are concerned, possibly because women in the north of England, as do the men, tend to take life more seriously than in the south. Forty new clubs specialising in music have started in Liverpool alone. You can make more music here than anywhere else, and some of the groups have home-made orchestras of their own that would not disgrace the B.B.C.

But if you go to Lancashire for music, Wales is the place to visit for more serious arts and crafts. In South Wales, especially among the mining districts, the scene changes.

Taffy and his women-folk have come down in a good number of cases to the rocks of existence; they have to put profit before pleasure, and so prefer training themselves in home crafts and handicrafts, everything that is either useful or profitable taking first place.

Games and coffee counters, sport tables, and even pianos and flat-heeled shoes are not much seen. The winter of Welsh discontent and mining misfortunes is not being conquered by music, sport, or exercise, so much as by creative work shared by the girls.

Meetings in towns and villages tend to to be smaller. Five or six people may make a party. You walk in with Gwen and Gwyneth and Megan, to work in the large room where you are being helped to try to out-manoeuvre the enemy of depression and destitution. A brave effort! And often striking success attends these "Penelope" parties, with careful handiwork gradually becoming a magician who can conjure something out of almost nothing.

You get busy over various forms of needle and basket work. Once started, and the ball of invention given a kick, all sorts of astonishing results are often achieved.

In this corner, dark-eyed Gwyneth, who has bicycled eight miles, sits for hours intent upon making boots for baby from ancient, out-of-work felt hats; over there, Megan, who has a keen nose for jumble sales, is fabricating a quilt of many colours, patched together from a startling assortment of odds and ends, but warm and comforting.

What is that group doing on the floor, laughing and exchanging tit-bits of silk stockings? Tell it not abroad to Courtaulds, but they are turning ragged stockings into rugs, hose into hearth rugs—things of rags and tatters, perhaps, yet nevertheless extremely effective.

You cannot, of course, at present always be within reach of a club, but the proud boast of the N.C.G.C. is that this will soon come. Whether deep in the back streets of some industrial town or hidden in the country, you are to have the chance of visiting the local organisation where the arts of leisure can be learned, and old ideas, like old clothes, turned into new ones.

In Lancashire, sixty classes are now going strong in thirty-two different towns. Bury holds the record for the keep-fit army, six classes being held here weekly and sometimes attended by four or five hundred people.

The organisation is expanding rapidly and the N.C.G.C. spider is constantly spinning new threads of social effort.

"A new career is opening up for girls," says Miss Warren, secretary of the movement. "*A club-work career.*. Girls are playing a more important part than ever before in our social system."

I heard that if you wish to be a club leader, you either train for a few months as a volunteer, or take an 18 months' course to become professional. Several approved centres cater for providing the necessary experience. Girls do not live all the time at the club training centre, but are taken round to see local conditions.

Club-leaders, if resident, get from £60 to £150 a year. When they have to live out, they are paid £100 to £250. Finances look as if they should soon become more prosperous as the organisation consolidates.

A famous woman novelist gave me a new line on this new club movement for girls the other day, and all that it means with regard to the future.

"The most important thing that is happening in our times," she asserted, "is not the League of Nations or league football. In fact it has nothing to do with men at all. It deals with a development of women and girls, and it is this: For the first time in all history members of the feminine sex are learning to be friends with one another."

She considered that the greatest handicap women had suffered from in the past had been their enmity and jealousy of one another. Men were always helping each other, but not so women. But to-day the club movement all over Britain promotes health and happiness by teaching girls and women to get to know each other and find creative occupation for their leisure hours.

SERVICE for Women Readers in housecraft, mothercraft, dress, beauty and all practical feminine problems is free from the Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 31, Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope with your query

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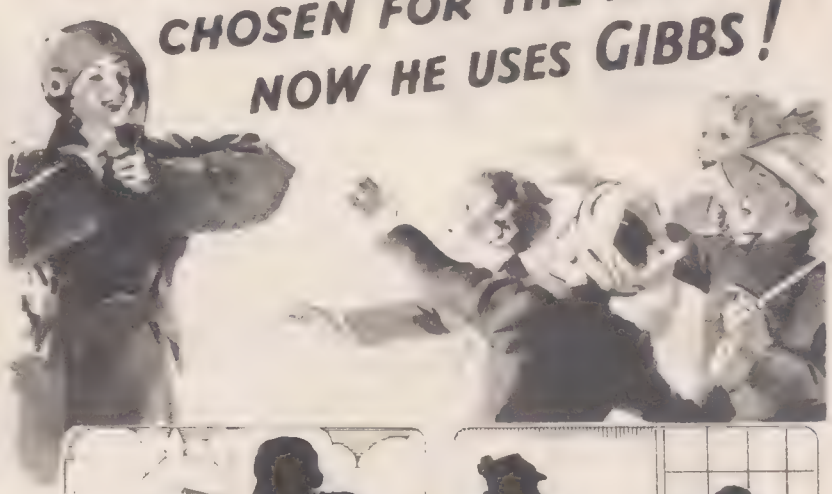

The other boys used to depise Bob; thought him cowardly. He was nervous, could not hold his own in their games. One day he had toothache and was taken to the dentist

who found several decayed teeth, a mouth in poor condition. Quite enough to account for Bob's nerviness. "You've not been cleaning your teeth properly" the dentist said.

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The landlord and the motorist glanced toward the windows, attracted by a sudden thud.

The FATAL FLOWER

SHORT STORY BY

Leslie Beresford

Illustrated by Lendon

THE motorist, who had breezed in, stirred considerably the warm and sleepy atmosphere of the little old-fashioned bar-parlour. He could first be heard outside, asking the proprietor for bread, cheese and pickles. Also, of course, ale. It was a day for a thirsty man.

Afterwards, he came down the two steps into the bar-parlour. Here, a low and raftered roof gave a sense of smallness, though latticed windows along one side were open, and so the large, flowered garden beyond came into the picture, lending to it a colourful appearance of space, as though garden and room were really all one. A faint, cool wind wafted in a delicate mixture of perfumes; but this did not quite overpower the aroma of tobacco smoke, clinging to the atmosphere of the room itself.

This came from the last of several cigarettes which had been smoked by the man who lolled on one end of the window-seat. He was a youngish man, not too healthy looking, and was dressed negligently, as may be done in the country without attracting attention. His was attracted from the book he had been reading when the motorist came down into the room. He looked up through darkened spectacles, which gave to his round, pallid face an owlish expression.

"Good afternoon to you!" The motorist greeted him with a pleasant smile and a nod.

The other made no response; but, just as if he had not heard, returned to the perusal of his book with an abrupt manner.

The motorist took no affront at this snub. He too lit a cigarette, and began examining the contents of the room with interest. Most were just suitable to the place, and no more. But he fingered one piece of china, and an oriental bronze with something of a connoisseur's air. He eyed especially two somewhat faded old engravings on a wall, interest considerably quickened

Then a red setter came bustling in, and nosed round his legs, his tail wagging in friendly fashion. While the motorist, evidently a dog-lover, made a fuss of him, the proprietor appeared, bringing the bread and cheese lunch, together with a tankard of well-frothed ale, which he laid on the round table in the middle of the room.

The other, with a simple directness of speech and in a quiet, businesslike voice, began to speak about the engravings on the near-by wall. It was evident that he knew his subject, and it almost sounded as if he might be disposed to buy them. The proprietor read his words that way, shaking his head

"I've been told a many times them'd fetch a tidy bit, if so I wanted to sell," he said. "But I've no such wish, if only because of sentiment, sir. Sorry to disappoint you, in case you'm one of they in the antique line- - - "

"Oh, I'm not!" laughed the other. "Far from it. As a matter of fact, my line——" he sat himself down at the table, beginning to attack healthily the appetising bread and cheese. "—in my line, it's necessary for me to know something about almost everything."

"Same like an encyclopedic, as they calls it!" chuckled the landlord, a hefty person, slow of speech and motion, but clearly anxious to please.

"I wouldn't say that," the motorist chuckled too, and took a good swig of ale from the tankard. "But my job of work's very educating. It's taken me among all sorts of queer businesses, people, places.

"You've a very nice place here, anyhow," he changed the subject unobtrusively, while stroking the setter, which was still making friends with him. "A nice place, and a dog, and a garden.

"Your garden certainly does you credit. A perfect blaze of colour. I notice, by the way, you've a very fine show out there, of—of these——"

He pointed to a tall vase before him on the table. It held about a dozen stems of an attractive plant, the long stems surmounted by massive flower-spikes of a rich orange-scarlet colour.

"Them's——well, they've a high falutin' name I don't well remember," the landlord said. "But we calls them Red-hot Pokers."

Both the landlord and the motorist glanced instinctively in the direction of the windows, attracted by a sudden little thud. It had been caused, they both discovered, by the youngish man having dropped his book, which he was bending down to retrieve. Having done so, he resumed an upright position, looking angry and embarrassed under their gaze.

"Sorry if I disturbed you!" he excused himself curtly. "I think I must have dozed off, while reading. It's—rather warm."

"I'm afraid I'm the disturbing element," the motorist was apologising, when the landlord intervened, explaining the other.

"This gentleman's been staying here for the last few weeks, for the good of his health," he said. "Been finding it nice and quiet, he has, after the racket up London-way."

"Pleasant enough for a while," the other interrupted without enthusiasm. "As a matter of fact, now I'm better, I'm going back to-night. And, in a way, I'll not be sorry."

Anyhow, since I seem to have disturbed your reading, I hope you'll join me in something?" the motorist suggested affably. "In fact, so as to show there's no ill-feeling, I insist."

"If you put it that way- - - "

The other, however reluctantly, moved to the table, the landlord taking his order, and the motorist urging that he also should bring something for himself. The landlord, who could be heard clattering glasses in the bar, was not going to be more than a minute, so he said.

Meanwhile the motorist, taking up the book which the youngish man had brought to the table, with him, regarded its startling jacket.

"Hullo?" he remarked. "The everlasting mystery novel, eh? All about a particularly cunning murder, I suppose? With everyone suspected, and no end of blank clues? And one of those superior amateur detectives, making fools of the real ones? So that's your taste?"

"Not a question of taste!" retorted the other, not a little tersely. "I borrowed that book through the landlord's son, I believe, as I've borrowed others. Anyhow, that's the only kind of book I could get to read down here."

"You don't say so!" The motorist was gazing out through the open latticed windows, beyond which the motionless green of tall trees, and the glow of flowers, were together drenched in a bath of glorious sunshine.

"In a place like this—to be talking and thinking about murders——" he was beginning, when the landlord returned to his side, and seemed to have heard only the last word.

"Murders, mister?" he questioned, looking surprised, and then laughed. "We don't have none of they in these parts, I do assure you, and goodness be thanked."

The youngish man opposite flung out a sharp little gesture of protest with nicotine stained fingers.

"I do think we might change the subject!" he urged querulously, addressing the motorist. "As you yourself said just now, sir, to be thinking about murders in a place like this——"

"Quite!" interrupted the motorist. "It does seem all wrong, I agree. Personally, I don't like talking about them in any place. Yet, unfortunately for my taste, I can't always avoid it. You see, murder happens to come into my job of work in life. I'm a Yard man."

The eyes of the landlord, looking at the motorist, were bulging with interest.

"Now, who'd have thought it?" he said. "And me taking you, belike, for one of they antique folk! I'll lay, mister, you can tell many a better murder-yarn than ever was written in books, and all!"

"Is one murder better than another?" the other asked, speaking apparently to the youngish man opposite, who had pushed back his chair, and was casually consulting his wrist-watch.

"You ought to know that, better than I do," he retorted with seeming lack of interest.

"Some, of course, are definitely better than others, from the murderers' point of view," the other seemed to be musing. "The ones, I mean, where the murderers make a clean get-away. There's a case I have in mind, for instance, where, so far, nobody has been brought to book for a particularly foul piece of killing."

"I don't know if you remember the case," he pursued, turning to the landlord. "It happened about six weeks ago,

(*Continued on page 28*)

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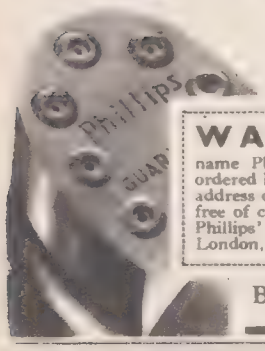

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Continuing The FATAL FLOWER

in a cathedral town up north. An elderly lady known to be very well off and living alone, except for an old servant, was found murdered. The crime had been committed in the afternoon, when the old servant happened to be out, and apparently the intruder must have known this, breaking in shortly after."

"That would have been the one I read about in the papers, where the old lady seemed to have put up a good fight with a poker?" the landlord butted in.

"You're right!" nodded the other. "She'd apparently been sitting over the fire when disturbed and snatched up the poker to defend herself. But, being frail, she could have had little chance. Her head was battered in——"

"It be rare terrible to think of such people being about as could happen so cold-blooded!" interrupted the landlord, with a little shiver.

"Some professional criminal, of course!" interjected the youngish man.

"Well, in fact, that was the line the local county police took," said the Yard man. "Unfortunately too, they insisted on handling the case themselves, bungling it in consequence. Several suspected persons were closely questioned and detained, with no results, beyond that they were set free again. And, by the time we Yard people were called in, it looked as if there'd be no solution to the mystery.

"When we had all the facts at our disposal," he went on, "certain information caused us to eliminate the professional criminal from the case altogether. We discovered that the old lady had a nephew —a scoundrelly sort of young fellow, whom she had paid to get away abroad some years since. We found out—and it has taken a while to do it—that this nephew had recently returned to England under another name."

"And—he'd done the murder?" stared the landlord.

"That, of course, remains to be proved," replied the other. "The possibility that he committed the crime is strongly suggested by certain clues and information in our possession. Our task has been to trace him, and check up his movements at the time the murder was committed. If he can prove an alibi—well, then we've nothing against him."

At this moment, from somewhere in the house, a female voice began to call a name in an agitated tone, and the landlord rose reluctantly to his feet.

After he had lumbered up the two steps out of the bar-parlour, the Yard man looked across at his remaining companion, and said:

"You'll understand now why I'm here. You're not denying that you're the nephew we want to interview?"

The youngish man seemed to be emerging from a stupor. He ran the fingers of one hand across his forehead, as if steadying a perturbed mind. He answered presently in low, defiant tones:

"No. I'm not denying it, though how you've found it out, I don't know. And even now you have found me, I'm afraid it's not going to help you any. I had nothing to do with my aunt's murder."

"Then, to say the least of it, one may ask why—knowing she'd been murdered—you never revealed your identity to the police," suggested the Yard man.

"Quite easily explained!" shrugged the other. "My aunt renounced that relationship years ago, and cut me off. Not having had anything to do with her death, I wasn't anxious to get mixed up with the affair."

"If you've a good enough alibi, which can be checked up," the Yard man reminded him, "you've nothing to fear from the police."

"And that's, of course, where I'm at a loss. I can't prove where I was, at the time that murder was committed.

"On the other hand," he added, "it would be up to you to prove I was at her house at that time, and I can't see how you're going to manage it, knowing as I do that you'll be trying to prove the impossible."

"That remains to be seen," the Yard man smiled.

"Well, it's your funeral, isn't it?" laughed the other. "I can't help you."

"Perhaps we don't want any help," retorted the Yard man, leaning suddenly forward, a hand flashing out and seizing on the clenched fist of the other, which was resting on the table.

"Just open those fingers, will you?" he demanded.

The other, after an instant of hesitation, obeyed the request, showing his palm, across which there ran a queer weal, like a rut over which new skin had grown.

"An old burn——" he was beginning, when the Yard man cut him short:

"Just six weeks old, and newly healed," he said. "No wonder you've been staying down here for the good of your health. That's just the one clue we hoped to find, connecting you up with this business. I caught a glimpse of it when, sitting in the window there, you dropped that book. You remember? I'd been asking the name of these flowers on the table——"

"What the hell had they got to do with it?" almost shouted the other.

"The poker, with which your aunt tried to defend herself, was cold when the police picked it up from the floor," replied the Yard man. "Nobody noticed at the time, what we felt to be important later, when we came into the case, that—in one spot—the carpet was badly burned—just as it must have been burned if a red-hot poker had fallen on it——"

A little later, when returning with apologies for absenting himself, the landlord discovered that—seemingly in a friendly way—the Yard man was taking his other guest back to town in his car. He was, however, anxious to hear more about the murder, feeling that he had missed something while away.

"Forget it!" the Yard man advised him. "You're a lucky man, you know. A nice place here, and a dog, and flowers.

"By the way," he added, pointing to those on the table, "I know something about flowers, being—as you put it—encyclopedic. The proper name for that particular plant is Kniphofia——"

"Likely," chuckled the landlord. "But who's going to get his tongue round that? Give me Red Hot Poker, mister. It means something."

CONTINUING *Moonbeam of Pearl*

The attacking Arabs sucked back, wilted, saw Savaran catch up another keg —broke and bolted in panic.

There was a pause in the fighting. Beni-Seyyid Arabs and Sanitaire lay panting on their rifles behind the barricade and grinned the delight of good fighters as the master fighter moved from end to end of the line, rectifying weaknesses, smiling his flashing eagle smile, and seeing that all had rum and water. He had done well, and he let them know it.

Returning to the centre of the camp he found Garsali, the sergeant and the Sherif, watched by Moonbeam of Pearl's Beni-Seyyid men, sitting in a council of war near the girl's shelter.

"The Sherif," said Garsali, licking his dry lips, "thinks our best chance is to buy them off."

"It is, in fact, our only chance," said Savaran fiercely cheerful. "You think of bargaining with treasure of the dowry?"

"By Allah, no," snarled the Sherif. "They are fat with my money as it is. Besides, let Yussif have the treasure and, having all he will cut our throats. On the other hand, give him a hostage and he must let us go free to raise the ransom."

Savaran's bright eyes gleamed.

"But this is wisdom," he cried. "And the hostages—the lieutenant and the sergeant—offer themselves to save the honour of the Keef Coast?"

"By damnation, no," the sergeant shouted, thinking of slow payment and cropped ears.

"No, absolutely not," cried Garsali hastily. "I may not desert my command. Besides, the hostage must be a person of great importance if Yussif is to forgo the dowry."

"Great importance! Has the noble-souled Sherif consented to give up himself to save us all then?" cried Savaran.

"Thou art unseemly," Hamza said pompously. "I, Sherif of Nenussi, hand my person to such scum!"

"Yet who among us has even the shadow of thy importance?" asked Savaran with a hard eye.

"She upon whom my shadow has rested," said Hamza loftily. "This girl I carry with me. She is to be my wife, that will exalt her in Yussif's eyes. She is the daughter of the chief of the Beni-Seyyid . . . rich ransom on both counts. Yussif will be satisfied with her and let us go our way."

"Most noble bridegroom," said Savaran mockingly. "O valiant husband. I will bear what you say in mind. It will make negotiation infinitely easier."

Fifteen minutes later Savaran was learning across the barricade and addressing a bulky, black and fiery-looking Arab with cheerful ferocity.

"Nay, most exalted Lord of the Dagger," he said. "You get not the jewels of the dowry; you get not the war material, I have plans myself for that. You choose from two things only—fight on, or take hostages for ransom."

"All talk of hostages is vain talk," sneered Yussif. "Have I not every soul of you in my hands? Can I not take what I want?"

Yussif, scowling at the memory of the exploding keg, snarled: "I will starve you out."

"Before night marches on us, brother," Savaran said, "Zaid Ali of the Zeb with his tribe will be here. He will take you in the rear while Savaran gives you blazes in front. It will be a pretty fight after Savaran's own heart. Wait for Zaid if you will—or close with a good offer while you are yet alive to make the best of it."

Yussif scowled again. He would have liked to have disbelieved and dared this lean eagle who mocked him, but he at least was a fighting man and could feel the strange force that came out of Savaran. He said sullenly:

"Well—who comes for ransoming?"

Savaran smiled softly.

"What about a nice fat Sherif, brother?" he said grimly.

"A Sherif—The Sherif of Nenussi!" Yussif gasped, hardly believing his ears. "By Allah, do you fool me?"

"Savaran fools nobody—and is made a fool by nobody," Savaran said. "The Sherif of Nenussi is a firm offer."

"By Allah," Yussif was beginning to grin. "How thou must love him! Well, I will take him. I have long desired to get that proud maggot in my hands. Yea, I accept—and his bride?"

"The bride may not be so much as mentioned by a black dog," said Savaran curtly. "But since I am a man of large heart, my Yussif, I will throw you in a Lieutenant of Sanitaire—and a sergeant!"

There was, at that, a wild scuffle behind him, the sound as of Garsali, or the sergeant, or the Sherif—or all three together—voicing a certain lament. But Savaran did not trouble to look round. He was clinching his bargain. Also, the Beni-Seyyid were good men and would obey his instructions.

"You dog," shouted the sergeant, "you dog! You shall pay for this. I'll punish you for this even if I have to search the whole of Africa for you!"

"When Savaran has closed an account it is folly—and also dangerous—to reopen it," said Savaran pleasantly. "Also, you will have to hunt for me with an army, which is something beyond your capacity. Before your first ear is cropped, before this hog Sherif has paid for the first of his fifty lashes, or Garsali learns his first lesson on the folly of keeping his betters under, I, Savaran, shall be Commander in Chief of a nation once more. I am about to create a kingdom for Zaid Ali out of his Zeb Arabs as a wedding gift to the lady Moonbeam of Pearl, his queen."

Savaran watched them being borne away to Yussif's lines, watched Yussif and his men ride off with them, stood exultant upon the spur of a hill until he saw a cloud of dust growing in the north. Then he stalked down through the Sanitaire and the Beni-Seyyid, who cheered him, ready to follow him anywhere to glory or death —they were the nucleus of his new army— and presently stood before the slim and lovely figure of Moonbeam of Pearl.

"Queen of To-morrow," he said, kissing her hand. "Zaid Ali comes even as Fat Hamza goes. Savaran, having made his promises, keeps them."

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S. L. BENSUSAN *reveals some surprising facts about*

Some shepherds can tell them apart!

Sensible Sheep

THERE are lambs in the meadows and the year's at the spring. Go through the countryside of the flocks at night and you shall see lamps glimmering on the hills, perhaps from the shepherd's wheeled hut; lambing pens will be visible though but vaguely outlined unless the moon is high, you will hear the haunting cry of mothers and new born children.

The shepherd is a skilled midwife; he must work without a thought to time, and with only a small store of medicines and appliances Sometimes it may be that one ewe will have three healthy lambs and another will lose one out of two at birth. Then he must skin the dead lamb swiftly and put the fleece on one of the triplets, the mother who has but one alive will be deceived by the scent of the fleece and accept the foster child

They are very limited creatures, but for a time at least the mother-love of the ewe approaches that of a woman.

As a small boy, when even teens were long years ahead, I read Shakespeare's plays the reference to the shepherd's life (*Henry VI*, Part 3, Act II, Scene 5) held me spellbound. I made haste to meet shepherds and still do so. I have walked and talked with them in Cornwall and Devon, in Dorset where the early-lambing horned sheep come from, in Hampshire and Wiltshire where the down flocks covered great open spaces until fashions suffered change and the land was invaded by the lighter breeds from Cheviots and Welsh Mountains

(In Dorset, Wilts and Hants you will find the old English sheep dog preferred to the collie

I have spent hours with the "Lookers" of the southern marshes. Romney must cover about 20 square miles and carries the largest number of sheep to the acre. The south downs cover 500 miles, so one can claim to have seen but a small part of them In the Suffolk country of old time the flocks yielded such riches that land was withdrawn from tillage for their sakes.

I have talked with the guardians of the long-wool Lincolns whose fat, beyond the powers of the human appetite, goes in part to make candles; men from the Atlantic side of England have spoken of the strange sagacity of the Welsh hill breeds and the troubles of flocks that find pasture on the fells of Cumberland and Westmorland

A Welsh shepherd assured me that a flock sold in one county and driven to another, left its new quarters on the hills and found its way safely to the old pasturage more than twenty miles away! He thought its own individual scent would have remained along the road.

I have seen sheep following shepherds along mountain tracks and have known men who, however marvellous it seems, knew single animals without the aid of the branding or marking that help to keep them distinct on great hillsides. At some of the autumn gatherings in the North shepherds hand over animals that have strayed into their flocks; the distinctive marks leave no room for mistakes.

In summer, at the season when there is no real darkness, there can be few experiences more delightful than to sit among the shearing parties in the Highlands; each farmer sends men to help a neighbour and receives help from all his neighbours in turn.

These are happy gatherings in the most romantic surroundings, attended by experts whose boast it is that they can shear a sheep without leaving the smallest mark on its skin, at a pace that competes with the modern clipping machine, that ugly, useful substitute for skilled hands These gatherings are often associated with a large meal, probably a custom of great antiquity for the shearing scissors used by the old-fashioned shearer are identical with those used by the Romans.

The shepherd's job is ill paid when you think of his gifts. He must be able to pitch hurdles, feed lambs as well as sheep, milk, mark, dip, shear, cart, draft, mate and market. Time was when he was allowed a small number of lambs for himself every year. Shepherds too, are often the source of information about the grouse season prospects and they can tell some hunts where the fox earths are.

They bring their flocks down from the hills in winter and both Welsh and Highland shepherds have told me that when the way is opened once again in spring each sheep will go back to its own strip of grazing, whether it be good, bad or indifferent, seeking no change. None would tolerate an intruder from a neighbouring flock; their patch of grazing is their own. This story was confirmed by one of the greatest of the Welsh agriculturists when I asked him about it.

In the Highlands winter life of a flock may depend entirely upon the skill of the shepherd's dog, nearly always a collie (oddly enough the black-faced Highland sheep are called collies). The dog will find sheep buried in a snow drift, and when the winter is left behind some will drive the flock to and from grazing grounds without the shepherd's aid.

It sounds unbelievable but the romance of shepherd life in the Highlands and the story of his dog's skill remain to be written and none who have attended Highland sheep-dog trials will set a limit to their intelligence

In the stern hill country round the lakes where ravens still prey on helpless lambs or on sheep that have been "cast," i.e., have fallen on their backs and are unable to rise, strange scenes may be witnessed when the year is turning towards the milder days. It may happen that an animal feeding on a bare hillside and getting very little to eat, sees a jutting crag only a few feet below, sheltered from the wind, in the eye of the sun, covered with young grass.

So it jumps down on to what may be a space of ground only a few square yards with sheer fall of hundreds of feet on all sides. Soon the unfortunate beast has eaten the grass to the roots and finds itself trapped, quite unable to jump up to the safety of the hillside. The shepherd may be far away, but the ravens know what will happen and gather round, while at the foot of the rocks the fox waits patiently.

The sheep grows weaker and weaker until at last it turns giddy when looking over the plateau and falls to its death; I have seen skeletons picked clean.

Now and again the circling of the ravens is seen by the shepherd, it serves as a guide; not without risk the sheep may be roped and brought to the surface. These hill foxes are the enemies of helpless lambs. Every now and again you may see a mongrel pack hunting them, followed by men on foot who shoot on sight.

There is no "law" for the hill fox, but it persists, natural cunning being strengthened by persecution.

They say that in the old days when sheep stealing, though popular, was punished by death, the most successful stealers depended on highly trained dogs, which would take sheep in one direction while their master prepared to support an alibi by showing himself in another.

In the harsh season the shepherd passes through a testing time. From November to the end of March there can be no more than a handful of pleasant days, there are no set hours, he may have to work day and night and sleep where he can, often in a cave among rocks. Trusses of straw are sometimes carried to these caves before the time of snow storm and blizzard comes round.

But in the sweet of the year, say on the South Downs where the sheep bells make unending music, life should be full of joy. Then the shepherd of the Highlands sleeps on the heather in his plaid with no fear of catching cold.

They tell many stories of the love of sheep dogs for their masters, indeed there were days when the parson appointed some man or woman to drive the shepherds' dogs out of church with a whip. A man might be too busy with his flock to attend church regularly and in that case, when he died, his family put some strands of wool in his coffin so that when he came to judgment and pleaded his work in extenuation of his absence from Sunday worship, the wool would bear witness for him. It is clear that mankind grows up.

For many of the Southdown flocks the crooks were made at Pyecombe in Sussex, the place where I was initiated into the mysteries of the dreadful game called golf. To-day, if blacksmiths do not help the shepherd, Birmingham comes to his aid; that city also provides sheep bells you may hear in downland!

It is on the South Downs that you may still find a Shepherd's Bush; the name survives in London where Kensington moves towards Hammersmith. The shepherd's bush is a may thorn grown to make a shade, with its centre hollowed to take a truss or two of straw on which the shepherd may rest

Are sheep silly? Many whose life job is their care, do not think so. They tell you of unmistakable understanding, of definite rules of action in times of stress, of courage in defence of lambs, of a certain quick response to threats of weather, of some recognition of care and attention. They have a sense of locality and know storms are coming before even their guardian is aware.

There might be much to tell if only shepherds were articulate. But they live their lives silently, and if we may judge by the fact that the occupation is often hereditary, they must find something to console them for loneliness, bad seasons and spells of long, strenuous and anxious work.

Let us hope that no engineering works will invent a robot to look after our flocks.

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The MAN

IF I mentioned a name, I do not doubt that many of you would remember a three-line paragraph which appeared on the sporting pages of most of the national newspapers little over two months ago. It was a football paragraph. That is why I believe many of you would recollect having seen it. I am an old footballer, and I know how these seemingly trivial items of football news appeal to followers of the great winter game.

Not that this particular paragraph was anything of a startling nature; merely the announcement that George—Jenkins, shall we call him?—fairly well known as an amateur footballer, had signed professional forms for a League club.

Actually this announcement was not news to me, yet I bought four different newspapers. In the privacy of my bedroom I turned to the sporting pages of each one and read the three lines again and again. The tiny cuttings now repose in the innermost pocket of my wallet, along with other cuttings, which appeared a fortnight later.

These later cuttings contain the names of players chosen to represent the same League team on the following Saturday. George Jenkins is one of the forwards.

Unless anything unforeseen happens, George will be in the team this coming Saturday. He has pleased his new manager. He will go on improving. I know that. The day he is "capped" for his country will be the greatest day in my life.

A real-life coincidence has enabled me to do much towards righting a wrong I committed as a headstrong youth—a wrong which I have never ceased to regret.

Let me start at the beginning, for this story goes back a long time—back to 1908, when there was no thought of war, when football, as we old 'uns so frequently claim, *was* football, and when I was a shining light attached to a League club in the north of England.

I was not right on top of the football world, but I was doing well, and although professional footballers' wages in those days were nothing like so big as they are to-day, I had much to be thankful for.

I married, and established my home in the town for whose team I played football. I was young, healthy and carefree; not a blot on my horizon for two whole seasons.

Then the bombshell. My club signed on a new player who had been doing excellent work in my position with a small club. His trials were very satisfactory. On the eve of an important cup-tie, our manager broke the news to me that the newcomer had been chosen to take my place in the team.

"Don't fret, lad," he said. "You've got nothing to worry about. You'll be back in the side in a week, mark my words."

I did not reply. I was seething with anger. That moment was born within me a burning hatred of the newcomer. Sullen and uncommunicative, I watched the cup-tie from the grandstand. What happened came as no surprise. Something had told me that the man who took my place in the team would make good.

I can remember every incident of that cup-tie, as if it were only yesterday. The cheering crowd, the whisperings in the stand when things were a little quieter. "Our new man—a reet good 'un. Look at his footwork . . ."

When he scored, as I had known he would, I thought my eardrums would burst. The cheers went right through my head. I tried to bury myself inside my coat collar.

Then, about ten minutes from the end, he scored again, and the crowd went crazy. We won that tie by two goals to nil. He had scored both. He was the hero of the hour.

Men and boys rushed on to the field to pat his back as he ran smiling to the dressing-room. I sat brooding in the stand until everybody else had gone. Something told me I should play the game—go to the dressing-room and offer my congratulations. I couldn't. I honestly believe if I had got that near to him, I should have thrown discretion to the winds and attacked him.

Every word of praise contained in the local newspaper that evening burned itself into my brain. My castle of dreams had been shattered. That was all I could think about—and *he* was responsible.

From that day I was a changed man. My wife pleaded with me; the club trainer, manager, even two of the directors who noticed the difference, talked to me in the friendliest manner, emphasising that I had nothing to worry about, but I was inconsolable.

After less than half a dozen games in the reserve side, I applied to be transferred, and less than a week after my application had been put in, I had signed for another club.

It was not difficult for me to obtain a place in their League team. They had been looking for a man to fill the position in which I usually played. We moved our home and settled in new surroundings, but I could not forget.

The season wore on, and there came the Saturday when my new club had to meet my former team in a League game. On the morning of the match my wife expressed the fear that was within her. "Jim, for God's sake don't make a fool of yourself to-day."

She knew that I had not forgotten; that my hatred of the man who had deposed me was still smouldering. She knew, too, that he was included in the team I had to play against that afternoon.

It was a grand March afternoon, cold and sunny. Both clubs had a chance of

"Jim, for God's sake don't make a fool of yourself." She knew my hatred of the man who had deposed me.

I Wronged

promotion, and the crowd was 30,000 strong.

As I trotted on to the field the vivid panorama—the sun, the green turf, and the cheering crowd freely bedecked with favours—warmed me. I sometimes think that what happened that afternoon would never have occurred but for one incident.

My rival, now an established favourite, came out a few yards behind the rest of his team. Visiting "fans" near the dressing room entrance gave him a special cheer all to himself. I felt warmed no longer. The old, cold hatred surged up within me.

The game started. We were both inside forwards, but, because of my rival's shooting ability he had been given instructions to lie well up the field so that, although during the whole of the first half my eyes were only for one man—I distinctly remember that I played that day in a detached, mechanical sort of way, doing the right thing automatically—I did not get near to him.

We were a goal down at the interval. Their centre-forward had scored. "Don't be afraid to drop back on defence," I was told. "We shall use the wingers and hope for sudden breaks away in this half. It's our only chance."

A quarter of an hour after the interval it happened. Back on defence as per instructions, I ran across to intercept a pass that was meant for *him*. He closed in. We were within feet of each other, with the ball between us. He recognised me. I saw a puzzled look cross his face. I must have been glaring—gloating almost.

His foot shot out; so did mine, but I played over the ball. That was then one of the commonest fouls in football, but usually it did little harm.

But I knew, when I felt the studs of my right boot crash against the side of his knee, that I had hurt him. In that split second I wished I could have withdrawn, but it was too late.

His face paled; with a low groan he sank to the ground, holding his knee.

I turned away. In a sort of haze I heard the angry shouts of the crowd, and the whistle. I hardly noticed the referee talking to me. I expected to be ordered from the field. I was merely warned and my former rival was carried off.

He never played football again. I had damaged a vital knee muscle. How terribly complete had been my revenge!

But how bitter did I feel against myself afterwards. Even my wife despised me, and I knew I deserved it.

The directors of my former club lodged a complaint. I was placed on the transfer list. So swift was my descent in football that I welcomed the War and a chance to get out of everything.

Now we can turn over life's pages to 1930 when, after a period of unemployment, my knowledge of football helped me to obtain a post in a large factory. Part of my job was to coach and train members of the works football team. One young boy, then not fifteen, showed remarkable enthusiasm and a natural aptitude for the game. I could have put him in the first team there and then, but I did not like to risk his frail physique.

Three years passed. The boy was now a regular member of the first team—a bonny player, of whom I had grown to be very fond. One evening he asked if he could stay behind after training, and talk to me alone. He confided that he would like to become a professional footballer. I was happy to think he had confided in me, asked my advice. I had no child of my own.

Then the shock. "You must have been a pro. about the same time as my father," he said.

I know I turned pale as it dawned on me. "Jenkins," I almost gasped. "You—you are the son of Jenkins who was hurt in a match at ——— and never played again?"

The boy nodded. "You knew him?" I was almost speechless. "Why, yes," I managed to murmur, "I played against him several times. A fine player. What is he doing now?"

The boy shook his head. He "was killed, in the last month of the War. I look after mother now. That is why I would like to be a pro. and earn more money."

I gripped his hand. A resolution was born within me. Here was a chance to right the wrong I had committed in my youth.

"You'll be a pro. all right, George," I said, "and a good one. You can count on me for any help I can give you."

Probably no boy had ever been coached more intensively than was George during the last two years he was under my care. I spent hours with him, alone. Those cuttings I have in my wallet are my reward.

I never miss a match in which he plays, if I can help it. My greatest hopes are to see him trot on to the field wearing an England shirt, and to see him walk up the "aisle" at Wembley to receive his Cup-winner's medal.

The son of the man whom I wronged so terribly has brought real joy into my life.

IMP OF MISCHIEF

THOUSANDS of home accidents occur during the course of a year and at Spring Cleaning time, when a little imp of mischief seems always lurking in wait for an opportunity to cause you some mishap, they are more than ever likely to happen.

Something more than caution is required to assure your protection; and that is "The Passing Show's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift, which provides no fewer than 37 Benefits and includes generous Benefits for Accidents in the home and garden, Children's Accidents, Accidents while travelling by rail, road, sea or air, in the street and during recreation. There is also additional protection for widows.

One registration covers the family, and all Benefits are paid *in addition* to any amounts a registered reader may receive from any other sources.

If you have not yet registered, do so to-day. Forms are on page 35.

RHEUMATISM & ARTHRITIS

need torture you no more!

Nor CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, SYNOVITIS, FIBROSITIS, SWOLLEN JOINTS AND KINDRED ILLS

At last a remedy for Rheumatoid Arthritis has been found. **To-day those who but a few short weeks ago were crippled by the ravages of Rheumatic and Arthritic affection, are fully restored to health. Their pain is banished, their agony ended. Complete freedom of action has returned to them.**

4,110 DOCTORS APPROVE

First among the recommendations of the wonderful 'Curicones' remedy is the support of doctors. Doctors are neither quickly nor easily convinced. Therefore, these figures speak volumes :—

1931	over	300	doctors recommended and
1932	,,	1,600	prescribed 'Curicones'
1933	,,	2,400	ditto
1934	,,	3,200	ditto
1935	,,	**4,110**	ditto

(Figures certified by well-known Chartered Accountants.)

It is the power of 'Curicones' to grapple with and conquer the worst forms of Rheumatic and Arthritic affection that has won such unsurpassable testimony.

Rheumatic and Arthritic ailments are due to excess acids and poisons. In all of us there is a certain necessary percentage of acid. **But in the blood of Rheumatic and Arthritic sufferers this percentage is often double or even more, than the normal.**

Illustration A shows a sufferer under the burden of excess acid. The dark section in the test tube represents excess of Uric, Hippuric and Lactic Acids, which form sharp, dagger-like crystals. **These crystals coagulate round the joints and cause appalling anguish.**

FREE TRIAL!

Let the unflinching thoroughness of 'Curicones' rapidly rid you of the stabbing and burning tortures of Rheumatoid Arthritis, Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Synovitis, Fibrositis, Swollen Joints or some allied complaint. **Here is your chance. Seize it—and you, too, can hope to join the vast army which has been cured by the amazing 'Curicones' treatment. Send the coupon NOW for a FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and a 32-page explanatory booklet. ACT NOW and know again the joys of pain-free, radiant health.**

FREEDOM REGAINED

But the searching action of 'Curicones' rapidly ferrets out all excess acids, speedily dissolves the abominable crystals and ensures the expulsion of these substances by the natural channels of excretion. **Illustration B shows the results of taking 'Curicones'—the dark section in the test tube portraying the percentage of acid in the blood restored to the healthy normal — some 3 milligrammes per 100 c.c.**

Some of our Distinguished Patrons

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.
Her Grace, Constance, Duchess of Westminster.
The Countess of Ravensworth.
Viscountess Ashbrook.
Sir Clifford Cory, Bart.
Sir W. Currie.
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Sir Claude Mallet. Sir Robert Witt.
Lady Violet Brassey.
Lady Magdalen Bulkeley.
Lady Hammill Firth.
Lady Bowles.
Lady Boyce. Lady Clayton.
Lady Bruce. Lady Irvine.

POST COUPON NOW

To STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., LTD.,
Mfg. Chemists and Druggists (Dept. P.S.S.)
19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send Free and post paid a Trial Supply of "CURICONES," with an interesting booklet on HOW and WHY they conquer Rheumatic and allied ailments.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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AILMENT .....

Please write in Block Letters.

"Curicones" are sold by all Chemists. *For free Sample post coupon above.*

BE BEAUTIFULLY SLIM

Miss V. Deciman, "Reduced Bust 4 ins.—Weight 24 lbs."

Have you a full figure? You can reduce 3-5 inches and obtain alluring, slim loveliness with SLIMCREAM, the remarkable Vegetable Reducing Cream. Simply rub this harmless cream into the bust last thing at night and in a few weeks you will have a youthful, slim figure. Reduces fat anywhere. Guaranteed safe. Wonderful testimonials. The full 30 days' treatment, 3/9, sent privately in plain wrapper.

You too, can have a lovely slender figure with Slimcream Treatment. This herbal method reduces and re-moulds your form naturally, safely, without inconvenience.

Write now

SLIMCREAM, 28 (8-P), Dean Road, London, N.W2.

HAD ACUTE GASTRITIS

"Can eat anything now"

To be free from the appalling agony of stomach trouble—to say good-bye to terrible pains after meals—such is the wonderful news told time and again by those who have taken Maclean Brand Stomach Powder! This letter from Miss F. C., Kenton, is an example :—

"I suffered from acute gastritis, and had the most violent pains after eating anything heavy, so could only eat custards, etc., for quite a long time. After trying Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets, I have been totally different. I can eat anything now without trouble or pain, and would not be without a bottle of the tablets for anything. I recommend them to anyone I know suffering as I did."

You, too, can make yourself "totally different" and banish your pain and misery by starting at once to take Maclean Brand.

But it must be the "signature" brand, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on carton and bottle. Its success has been so marvellous that cheap and useless imitations are now being offered. Do not risk your health by accepting any substitute. Ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and look for the signature. Never sold loose. Sold only in bottles, in cartons, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-.

If you want romance

YOUR hands *must* be smooth and 'kissably' soft if 'the' man is to find you perfect. So keep all redness and roughness away with Snowfire Glycerine Jelly — it's such a *lasting* beautifier!

TUBES & JARS 6d. *Sample size tubes 3d.*

★ *Let ANNE ARLEN advise you on all beauty matters. Write her at 71, Sunnydale Works, Derby, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.*

Snowfire

GLYCERINE JELLY

INSTANTLY ABSORBED

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

With a wail of the pibroch.

You're Telling Us!

CANTANKEROUS IS THE WORD for *you*. East winds have curdled full many a reader's blood this week. Some have murder in their hearts. Several are out of tune with eternity. One has mumps—we burnt his letter, having been savaged by a mump microbe when our swan-like neck was still encircled with celluloid. And Uncle Joe is on the spot. "He ought," writes Miss D. Crampton, from Capetown, S.A., "to go to Rhodesia and see the fair ladies battling valiantly with various horrors in the form of snakes, scorpions, and crawlies in general."

BUT PERHAPS," SHE ADDS bitterly, "he would prefer to remain in England—it's much safer." Interviewed by means of our home-made television set, Uncle Joe seemed not so safe. There was something entwined about him. It looked like a boa constrictor; definitely a crawlie. However, we twiddled the controls, got the image sharper and saw that he was trying to roll up the avuncular garden hose. We hastily switched off before the interview was under way. But don't expect him in Rhodesia, Miss Crampton. Then, as though farmers hadn't enough to grumble about, what with it raining and it not raining, we ourself have upset "Agricola," of Perthshire. Caledonia at its sternest and wildest starts with a wail of the pibroch: "I want to object to the way you portray the farmer in these columns.

IF HE IS NOT GRINNING stupidly or chewing a straw or scratching his head with a pitchfork, you have him idly surveying an apparition (supposedly a British domesticated animal) which would look more at home in the wilds of South Africa than the clover-matted fields of Britain. Let me tell you that agriculture is now a highly skilled and technical profession; requiring besides manual strength, ability to plan, a clear business head, and—above all—foresight. Did you ever look at a clover-covered meadow and think of the planning and calculating that were required to make it like that? You probably did not know that grass has to be sown." Come, come, "Agricola"! Have a look at our gravel path. So help us, we scattered nary a seed.

WHEN NELL GWYN TOOK to the stage I suppose women actors were something of a rarity. So were women authors in the days of Fanny Burney; now, however, when for so many years women have invaded every type of profession and sport, surely it is unnecessary to use the horrible 'ess' when classifying their callings—authoress, actress, shepherdess, etc." Margaret Seton, spinstress, of Boscombe, is the readress in distress. Nevertheless, Margaret, we will tell you what we wouldn't mind being called and that is a millionairess. Not even by a pretty girl like you. The milk of human kindness has also run short with Mr. B. Crocker, of Bedford. His supply came in a tin and he can't find the opener.

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

NEVER," HE GLOOMS, "pin your faith to a man or woman with small eyes or small ears, as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he or she will let you down. The worst kind of eyes are small and black and the worst kind of ears are small and set close to the head. Never mind if the big-eyed man has a mulish look. You can always depend on him. . . . ." Fanning ourself thankfully with our sound ear (the other got caught up in a passing lorry yesterday), we half close our enormous eyes, hazel and turquoise respectively, and flatter ourself that not a mule in Mexico can look past us. From Bedford, which is a nice quiet town without crawlies, comes yet another letter, signed H. Berne, and containing a Swiss idea, too. "It has occurred to me that our countryside—what there is left of it—could be made more beautiful. . . .

FRUIT TREES ONLY should be planted along the road sides and in the parks. The cost would be no more than that of planting oaks, elms, etc., and the result would be a bountiful supply of fresh fruit for thousands. If people when out hiking would just scatter a few flower seeds as they went along, how beautiful our fields and open places would become. Enough seeds would take root to make our countryside a veritable paradise." We know a man who chucks seeds out of the carriage window to make railway banks blossom like the nasturtium. When last seen he was trying to explain to officials that he has no malice against platelayers. But we commend the idea and look forward to reaching, when we stroll along the June-gay lanes, for a ripe strawberry. The strawberries would get riper too, if they could be grafted on to some goodish-sized poplar trees.

A. HEYDON (MR.), OF WALSALL, has visited a "Better Homes" exhibition. "At one stall, a *man* was doing some remarkable cooking, to the obvious envy of his feminine audience. At another, a patent washing machine was being demonstrated to women by a *man*. Another *man* was . . . Yet another *man* was . . . Now doesn't it seem a farce that while women are howling for and about sex equality, they must take lessons from men in the very spheres in which they (the women) should excel?" Farce or tragedy, Mr. Heydon, see next week's PASSING SHOW for an article about some clever *women* who will demonstrate things at the Ideal Homes Exhibition. To women. *And to men.* Cheering up a bit, we had almost overlooked Miss Joan Spencer, London, W.2. Joan—who must have exquisite little ears—has been wondering "exactly who writes the letters printed on this page. If these letters are really written by readers, then I am afraid there must be many people unjustly kept captive in Coney Hatch (spelt Colney, Joan). If, however, you write them, then it is understandable. Perhaps you will enlighten me on this point."

MISS SPENCER, haven't you just written the above letter?

You Mustn't Miss

Our Spring and 21st Birthday Double Number

On Sale Friday, March 20th

PRICE THREEPENCE

Words After the Letters

CLUES ACROSS

1. Common ancestor.
5. Important Oriental.
9. Moist presumably.
11. Reference to insect and offspring in sounding back.
13. Feminine, although the masculine is also present.
15. Hot mile happen is (anagram).
18. Thus I am an asbestos.
19. Stick for this perhaps, if feminine.
20. May be cast.
21. Science of words.
23. Raise a potentate out of the mire.
24. First Commoner (abbrev.).
25. Peat may be to measure, or only for binding.
26. Take the preposition out of 47.
27. Upset and diminish the home for this electrical unit.
28. At this place.
29. Toot sat for a drumming.
33. Verb to be becomes an organ.
35. Printers' measure.
36. And these for the apothecary
38. Colour here.
39. Article in 41.
41. Tawny.
42. And delusions possibly.
44. Unit at core of 47.
45. On the credit side.
46. Sounds like 20 but may be 38.
47. Noted is so attuned.

CLUES DOWN

1. Big guns perhaps.
2. To judge or believe.
3. Is past raids (anagram).
4. Oh Rima for the silken wool
5. Gone but not necessarily forgotten.
6. Article and pronoun for church music.
7. Fat to be less euphemistic.
8. A tree may be dust.
9. The strong man was shorn by her.
10. Domestic utensils in this flower.
12. Numerically out of place by 3.
14. Thole the slave.
16. The soul of ancient Athens.
17. Slight explosion in the subject of an epic.
22. Beware the bacillus in such relationship.
24. May be limpid or muddy.
26. Highly placed.
30. Apostolic possibly.
31. The poet uneasily hides the air.
32. Despatch.
34. Recuperate.
37. To express orally.
40. The beast in 45 may be so addressed.
43. Reference in brief.
44. You'll find this in 47.

C	A	S	T	■	S	P	A	R	K	S	■	S
I	N	T	I	M	A	T	I	O	N	■	P	O	T
S	T	I	P	U	L	A	T	I	O	N	■	A	V	E
T	E	M	P	L	E	S	■	S	M	A	T	T	E	R
■	R	U	L	E	■	S	T	E	A	M	■	E	R	E
P	I	L	E	■	S	E	E	■	L	E	O	■	T	O
H	O	A	R	■	L	A	D	Y	■	C	U	T
A	R	T	■	M	A	■	U	■	S	O	R	R	Y
S	■	E	M	A	N	A	T	E	D	■	D	E	E	P
E	S	S	E	N	T	I	A	L	■	L	E	A	S	E
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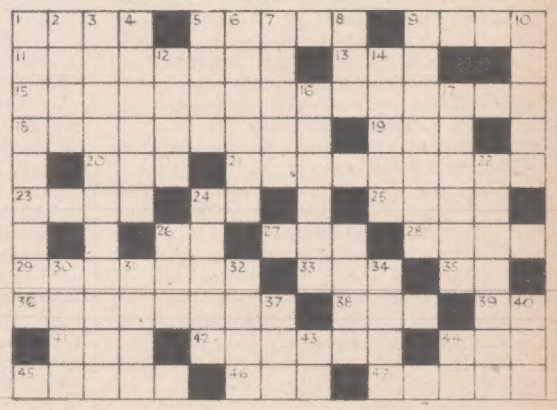
Solution to last week's puzzle.



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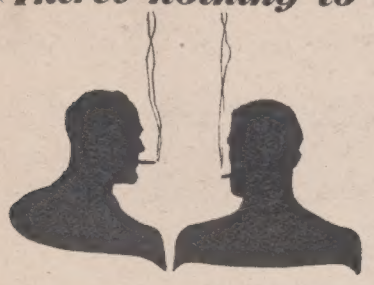
D10 A 175

There's nothing to beat a little cigar!



WHEN SEEING A NEW FILM

YOU will enjoy a good film all the more with a MARCELLA Whiff to add to your pleasure. They are handy to carry and easy to hold and the cool rich flavour of these choice little cigars makes them a satisfying 'smoke' for in-between moments.

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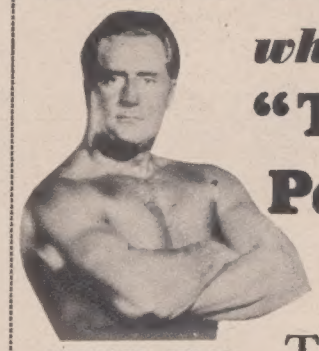
3 *for* 6D · 5 *for* 10D · 10 *for* 1/8

MW14A

The 7-Stone Weakling *who became . . .* "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"



CHARLES ATLAS

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No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, steel-like muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? *Give me just 7 days*, I can PROVE that *Dynamic Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or apparatus that may strain your heart or other vital organs can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN in just a few minutes a day!

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POST NOW FOR FREE BOOK

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 14-C,
SHELL MEX HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic Tension** will make a new man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your book "Everlasting Health and Strength" free.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

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Signature .....

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Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 14/3/36

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Reader's Signature.

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Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

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..... Date.....

Use halfpenny stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if halfpenny stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 14/3/36

NEWS NOTE

The new electricity advertising campaign which is appearing in the PASSING SHOW is in furtherance of the industry's drive to create a million users of electricity during 1936.

It is hoped that this achievement will lead to the placing of some £16,000,000 worth of orders amongst a number of electrical equipment industries and thus create much additional employment.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must also get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

NATURAL TREATMENT FOR

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No Harmful Drugs

Just soothing, healing, cleansing balsams and oils with other remedial ingredients, which the best doctors recommend, and compounded by a leading pharmaceutical chemist. Sufferers from Cystitis, Disturbed Nights, Prostatitis, Sciatica, Stricture, Gravel, Gall Stones, or Liver, Kidney or Bladder troubles where these remedies are needed should go at once to their nearest chemist, and ask for "**Shadforters**" (Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters—Prescription 285). Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), or write direct for them to Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. P.S. 104), 49 King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4. Pain subsides. The mind is relieved. Start now, and find new joy in life.

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10 MINUTES TO WAIT—*so Mine's a Minor!*

'THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK'

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large: big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

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In tins: **30** *for* **1/-** ★ **60** *for* **2/-**
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